

THE CALIFORNIAN

AND

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.—OCTOBER, 1882.—No. 34.

THE DOCTRINES OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE most difficult age to understand is our own age. The eye of the mind has somehow grown old, and so is too farsighted. Ancient Rome we partly comprehend, and the Middle Ages, and the time of Elizabeth; but who knows much about this more wonderful time that is close to us and in which we live? The histories all begin far back, and hardly catch up even with the beginning of our own century. The historians of literature tell us a great deal about Pope and Dr. Johnson, and the faded old literary forms of the past, but when we look for the far greater poets and thinkers of our own century, we find hardly even their names. Sometimes it seems as if it would be better to write our histories backward, and begin by knowing something of the age in which we live. And for the very reason that it is the age in which we must live. It is the air of the nineteenth century that we must breathe, or die of intellectual suffocation. It is on the mid-stream of these great currents of modern thought that we must learn to steer our way, or be overwhelmed and drowned in them altogether.

When, a few weeks ago, Darwin and Emerson died, there can be no question that two of the leaders of our time passed away. The Englishman, a leader in the boldest explorations along the plains of scientific thought; the American, a leader along the everlasting hills of ethical and philosophical thought. Both thinkers, great men: both regions of thought, noble fields for intellectual effort. For who would fail to understand this Nature that is under our feet, and who would fail to understand this human spirit and human life, whose value alone gives any significance—for us—to Nature?

It is common enough to assume that there is some sort of difference in kind between the results of thought in natural science, and in ethics or philosophy. No doubt, too, there is abundant excuse for this error in the fact that much of the thought and the writing in the sphere of natural science has been careful, painstaking, accurately true; while much of that in the sphere of human concerns has been loose, hasty, unreliable. But that would naturally be so. Every one supposes that he knows all about

life, because its plainer facts are so familiar and universal; while the minute anatomy of the beetle is left to the specialist. When, however, we do find a man whose observation is worth something as to human science and the science of the conduct of life—in other words, when we have the results of one who is a specialist in this region, painstaking, accurate, purely truth-seeking in his work, these results are of interest and value. A certain flippancy in the tone of youthful devotees of natural studies towards philosophical thought is not, however, to be laid to the charge of such studies, or to their methods. The subjects of the natural studies are fascinating and useful, and they are a great training school as to method. Any occasional narrowness of horizon may be attributed to the ease with which such studies are entered upon and pursued, even by the very young, and therefore to the small degree of general education and enlargement of view through liberal study possessed by some of their enthusiastic followers. The really great men in these different spheres of investigation never fail to recognize one another. The little valleys may know nothing of distant peaks, but the mountain summits answer each other with the first beams of the sunrise. It was Prof. Tyndall, for example, who said of Emerson: "Years ago, I picked up on a stall a copy of his 'Nature.' I read it with such delight; and I have never ceased to read it; and if any one can be said to have given the impulse to my mind, it is Emerson. Whatever I have done, the world owes to him." And yet we often find our great philosophical writers and poets subjected to the withering scorn of young persons who have just begun to hear, in the periodicals, about some such thing as "science," and who have, perhaps, a cousin that collects butterflies.

When a man like Emerson writes down a statement concerning man or concerning life, it is either true or false. If it is true, it is just as much scientific truth as though it were an observation on a mineral or on an asteroid, only it is apt to be more than merely a scientific truth, or an isolated,

single fact, and to become by its largeness, by its probing to an inner and general law through the superficial and particular fact, a philosophical truth. It is, indeed, from the body of such truth that has been and is still accumulating that we have slowly acquired civilization. It is what has "brought men out of the woods," and kept them there. For it has determined, not so much what sort of a house a man should live in, though it has had a good deal more to do with that than is commonly supposed, but what sort of a man should live in the house—a somewhat more important question.

In Emerson's first essay, entitled *Nature*, and published in 1836, we see already the clear color of the central thought that tinges all his writings: that Idealism, which reminds us of Berkeley, and which indeed may have been a lineal descendant from him, perhaps through Jonathan Edwards. "It may be doubted," he boldly says in this essay on *Nature*, "whether nature outwardly exists." "The universal essence, which is not wisdom, or love, or beauty, . . . but all in one, is that for which all things exist, and that by which they are. Behind *Nature*, throughout *Nature*, spirit is present." "The Divine Circulations never rest nor linger." "Wisdom is infused into every form. It has been poured into us as blood: it convulsed us as pain; it slid into us as pleasure; we did not guess its essence, until after a long time." And if this sounds to any one not only like Idealism, but like Pantheism, what shall we say of the poet Matthew Arnold, who sings of that strange bitter-sweet soul Heine:

"The spirit of the world
Beholding the absurdities of men
Let a sardonic smile
For one short moment wander o'er his lips.
That smile was Heine."

And what shall we say of Tennyson, who sings of the mysterious vision of the world,

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains,
Are not these, O soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?
Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet—

Closer is He than breathing and nearer than hands and feet.

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see,

But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He?"

And what of Wordsworth, who sings of that

"Something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

And what, in fact, of Paul himself, who says, "in him—in *him*—we live, and move, and have our being." One cannot indeed look far in literature either ancient or modern, sacred or profane, without finding some glimpses of such doctrine.

The two friends, Emerson and Carlyle, were akin as to their doctrines in certain ways. Both believed in individual power, and heartily admired the hero: only with Carlyle it was the power of will, in outward act; with Emerson it was the power of the intellect, in inward self-control and thought. They both despised egotism: but with Carlyle it was especially the ethical egotism of seeking only one's own happiness; with Emerson it was the intellectual egotism of seeing only one's own concerns. Carlyle's golden precept was, "Act, work! Do the duty that lies nearest thee!" Emerson's was, "Think thy thought. Contemplation—that also is action."

In asking what are the chief doctrines of the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson, let us bear in mind that concerning any man's creed we had far better ask what it is, than what it is not: what the man believes and affirms, rather than what he doubts or omits to affirm. If his creed seem to us to lack something of being the full round of truth, we can perhaps supply that which is wanting; but let us be sure to see, first of all, whether it does not contain something which our faith needs, and for which we may thank his clearer insight. We do not go into the garden and say, this rose-bed does not contain a single lily: root it up and fling the bushes over the fence; but we take the roses and are thankful for them. And so it is time to give up expecting all

truth from any single mind. His particular truth the man will give us, if we patiently look for it and listen to it. The important thing is, not to be forever sitting in judgment upon an author: we do not do so with our friends, why should we with our books? Seneca says, "Before we form a friendship we should criticise, but after forming it we should only trust." And Marcus Aurelius says, "When thou wouldst be joyful, call to mind the good qualities of those who live with thee." Is there not a certain impertinence in the air with which every babbler will affect to find the shortcomings of this or that great man, when if he were to have the unlikely luck ever to be in the same room with him, he would instantly acknowledge him as a master, and be silent before his greater personality? Is not the important thing, with regard to those whom the whole world accepts as master, to try our best to understand them, first of all?

A man's teachings and his spiritual influence lie always in three great regions, wherein are the activities of the three-fold human spirit: in the region of the intellect, in the region of the feelings, and in the region of the active powers, or will. It is in these three great regions that the human mind has through all ages gone out in hunger and thirst for satisfaction. Wordsworth, who was a great critic as well as a great poet, recognized this when he said that it is a test for all literature that it shall make us *wiser, or happier, or better*. We shall hardly improve on that as a test. For the intellect, in its hunger after truth, we find in every great writer certain intellectual conceptions that exalt and reinforce the mind. For the feelings, in their hunger after happiness, we find certain spiritual moods that inspire us. For the will and the life, in its hunger after some form of satisfactory activity—some object, some purpose, we find suggested certain ethical aims.

Taking these three regions in their order, and first that of the intellect, we find in the writings of Emerson, as a fundamental conception of the mind, underlying all his thinking, the conception of Transcendentalism, or

the Over-soul. Let us find this expressed in his own eloquent words. In his essay on the Over-soul he says:—"The soul gives itself, alone, original, and pure, to the Lonely, Original, and Pure, who, on that condition, gladly inhabits, leads, and speaks through it. Then is it glad, young, nimble. Behold, it saith, I am born into the great, the universal mind. I am somehow receptive of the great soul. More and more the surges of everlasting nature enter into me."

And this passage illustrates the precise meaning of the word transcendentalism. For this is the doctrine that there are ways of access to truth which *transcend* the ordinary ways through the senses. This doctrine came, we should remember, as a reaction against the English philosophy of Locke and his followers, who affirmed that the mind is but a sheet of blank paper, (of miraculous reflecting paper, to be sure) till it is written full of ideas by impressions through the senses. Not so, said the Transcendentalists. There are avenues of truth which transcend these senses: the very soul of man has a mysterious vital contact with the ever-present mind of God. As Emerson again says in this same essay: "Ineffable is the union of man and God in every act of the soul. Not a wall, not an intersection is there anywhere in nature, but one blood rolls uninterruptedly an endless circulation through all men, as the waters of the globe are one sea, and truly seen its tide is one." And again he says: "We distinguish the announcements of the Soul by the term Revelation. For this communication is an influx of the Divine mind into our mind. It is an ebb of the individual rivulet before the flowing surges of the sea of life."

And again, from the "Method of Nature":—"The doctrine of this Supreme Presence is a cry of joy and exultation. I praise with wonder this great reality which seems to drown all things in the deluge of its light. I cannot tell if these wonderful qualities which house to-day in this mortal frame, shall ever re-assemble in equal activity in a similar frame; but this one thing I know, that these qualities did not now begin

to exist, cannot be sick with my sickness, nor buried in any grave; but that they circulate through the universe. Let those fear and those fawn who will. The soul is in her native realm, and it is wider than space, older than time, wide as hope, rich as love. Pusillanimity and fear she refuses with a beautiful scorn; they are not for her who putteth on her coronation robes, and goes out through universal love to universal power." Such then is Emerson's transcendentalism.

In the region of the feelings, nothing is more prominent in the writings of Emerson than his spirit of perfect faith in the Divine wisdom and care. In the essay on "Immortality" he says:—"All the comfort I have found, teaches me to confide that I shall not have less in times and places that I do not yet know. Shall I hold on with both hands to every paltry possession? All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen." And again, in "Spiritual Laws":—"O my brothers, God exists. There is a soul at the center of Nature, and over the will of every man. Shall not the heart that has received so much trust the Power by which it lives? May it not quit other leadings, and listen to the Soul that has guided it so gently, and taught it so much, secure that the future will be worthy of the past?"

And in the essay on "Worship":—"Of immortality the soul, when well employed, is incurious. It is so well, that it is sure it will be well. The son of Antiochus asked his father when he would join battle. 'Dost thou fear,' replied the King, 'that thou only in all the army wilt not hear the trumpet?' Higher than the question of our duration is the question of our deserving. Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in future, must be a great soul now. Men suffer from politics, or bad neighbors, or from sickness, and they would gladly know that they were to be dismissed from the duties of life. But the wise instinct asks, 'How will death help them?' These are not dismissed when they die. You shall not wish for death out of pusillanimity. The weight of the Universe

is pressed down on the shoulders of each moral agent to hold him to his task. The only path of escape known in all the worlds of God is performance. You must do your work, before you shall be released. And as far as it is a question of fact respecting the government of the Universe, Marcus Antoninus summed the whole in a word: 'It is pleasant to die, if there be gods; and sad to live, if there be none.' Such is the spirit of faith and trust in Emerson.

But it is in the third great region of influence, that of the active powers, the will, the aims and purposes of action—the ethical region, that Emerson's writings have had and will continue to have the profoundest effect upon men. And here I can speak of but one or two among his many noble ethical teachings; those, namely, which run as central threads through all his thought; those in which he unites the best of the doctrines of the Stoics with the best of those of the Epicureans: the attainment of a calm, courageous, self-sustained character, and the living of the serene intellectual life. Many of the utterances of Emerson here breathe the very spirit of the greatest philosophers of the Stoic school. "Calamity," says Seneca, "is the opportunity for courage." "There is nothing grand that is not also calm." "Never is the soul grander than when she rises above all that is foreign to her, so as to find her peace in fearing nothing, and her wealth in coveting nothing." And Epictetus says, "Ask thyself if thou wouldst rather be rich or happy: for to be rich is neither good in itself, nor wholly in thy power, but to be happy is both good and possible." "If you see anybody wail and complain, call him a slave, though he be clad in purple." Renounce, abstain—said the Stoics. Yet, replied the Epicureans, not in order to be miserable. Be a self-controlled Man: that is virtue, and virtue is happiness.

In his essay on Heroism Emerson says:—"The characteristic of heroism is, its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits, and starts of generosity. But when you have chosen your part, abide by it, and do

not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world." And again:—"Let the maiden with erect soul walk serenely on her way. The silent heart encourages her: O friend, never strike sail to a fear! Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas." And once more:—"There is no weakness or exposure for which we may not find consolation in the thought—this is a part of my constitution, part of my relation to my fellow-creatures. Has nature covenanted with me that I should never appear to disadvantage, never make a ridiculous figure?" "It was a high counsel that I once heard given to a young person—'Always do what you are afraid to do.'"

Are there anywhere in literature utterances more tonic and bracing than such as these?

"Insist on yourself," he says again in the essay on Self-Reliance; "never imitate. There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these." And in *Spiritual Laws* he says, "I desire not to disgrace the soul. The fact that I am here certainly shows me that the soul had *need* of an organ here. Shall I not assume the post? Shall I skulk and dodge and duck with my unseasonable apologies and vain modesty, and imagine my being here impertinent?"

We note everywhere in Emerson the teaching of this cheerful serenity. As in *Spiritual Laws*: "Nature will not have us fret and fume. When we come out of the Caucus, or the Abolition Convention, or the Temperance Meeting, or the Transcendental Club, into the fields and woods, she says to us, 'So hot? my little sir.'"

How much of our fuming and fretting it would do away with, could we but realize Emerson's thought that it is not what a man gets or has or seems, that is important, but what he is in his own personality. "Don't say things," he writes in *Social Aims*; "what you are stands over you the while, and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary."

In these days of the worship of that golden calf, material progress, worldly suc-

cess, no one has more boldly affirmed the worth of the Intellectual Life, than Emerson. "The inner life," he says, "sits at home and does not learn to do things, nor value these feats at all. 'Tis a quiet, wise perception. Why should we be cowed by the name of action? 'Tis a trick of the senses, no more. We know that the ancestor of every action is a thought. To think, is to act." "'He can toil terribly,' said Cecil of Sir Walter Raleigh. These few words sting and bite and lash us when we are frivolous." "Let the scholar measure his valor by his power to cope with intellectual giants. Leave others to count votes and calculate stocks. His courage is to weigh Plato, to know Newton, to judge of Darwin, and, on all these, arouse the central courage of insight." "Here you are set down, scholars and idealists," he goes on, "as in a barbarous age; amidst insanity, to calm and guide it; amidst fools and blind, to see the right done; under bad governments, to force on them by your persistency, good laws. Around that immovable persistency of yours, statesmen, legislatures, must revolve; denying you, but not less forced to obey."

Emerson's written style had the character of his mind. Indeed what is "style," but the individuality of a mind? In his case, positive, simple even to austerity; its difficulty coming merely from its condensation, and from the far reaches of the thought itself. There are no amplifications in his sentences; no qualifications; "this is, this is not." You can find no adjectives on his page; no subjunctive moods, no *ifs* or *therefores*. It is the style of a poet, not of a logician. It is reason, but not reasoning.

His mind was the typical Yankee mind: acute, shrewd, practical, and at the same time imaginative. It was, in the Yankee phrase, gumption, horse-sense, linked with seraphic vision. His habit of sagacious observation, alone, would have made the scientific man: his habit of meditation, alone, would have made the metaphysician: having both he was greater than either scientist or metaphysician; he was a poet and philosopher. If there was one thing more than

another that characterized his spiritual instincts, it was the love of clear, hard facts as against all foggy illusion. As he says twice in different essays—"hug your fact!"

And if there was one thing more than another that characterized his intellectual habitude, it was what we may call the bird's-eye view: the conception of things seen in the large; everything in its due relations to all things. Every one knows how in times of trouble, in unmanageable moods, this bird's-eye view has power to tranquilize the mind; when one looks down at the whole affair, the whole neighborhood, the whole town, the whole round planet, as from some distant peak—and sees his trouble and himself dwindle to nothingness in the large perspective. Such seems to have been Emerson's habitual frame of mind.

The style of his later writings is in one respect different from that of his earlier works: less curt and concise, less oracular and epigrammatic; more natural, more consecutive, and therefore much easier to read. The stranger to his thought should read Emerson backward: beginning at his last book, and so on back to those marvelously crystallized, poetic utterances of his earlier years. And last of all, perhaps, he should read his poems; and then he will like them best of all.

In Emerson's poems, we find every one of these chief teachings of his, only even more subtly and beautifully expressed. We have noted, in the intellectual region, his conception of transcendentalism, the ever-present nearness of the over-soul. So in the poem, "Woodnotes," he sings:—

"From form to form he maketh haste,
This vault which glows immense with light,
Is the inn where he lodges for a night.
Thou meetest him by centuries,
And lo! he passes like the breeze.
Thou seek'st in globe and galaxy,
He hides in pure transparency.
He is the axis of the star,
He is the sparkle of the spar,
He is the heart of every creature.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*"

And as we noted throughout his prose, in the region of the feelings, his spirit of faith and trust, so in the poem the "World-Soul":

"Spring still makes spring in the mind,
When sixty years are told;
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old.
Over the winter glaciers,
I see the summer glow,
And through the wild-piled snow-drift,
The warm rose buds below."

And in the Threnody:

"Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned—
Saying, *What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again.*

Not of adamant and gold
Built he heaven stark and cold;
No, but a nest of bending reeds,
Flowering grass, and scented weeds;
Built of tears and sacred flames,
And virtue reaching to its aims.

Past utterance, and past belief,
And past the blasphemy of grief,
The mysteries of Nature's heart;
And though no Muse can these impart,
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
And all is clear from east to west."

And, finally, as we noted, in the region of the will and the active life, his ethical conception of the calm and courageous personality, so in his poem "Sursum Corda:"

"Seek not the spirit, if it hide
Inexorable to thy zeal;
Trembler, do not whine and chide:
Art thou not also real?"

And the same thought in the "Fable":—

"The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter 'Little Prig';
Bun replied,

'You are doubtless very big;
But I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.'"

"Be what you are": seems constantly to be his ethical thought. Carrying your forest, or cracking your nut, "as by thy laws," you shall surely "make the action fine."

Throughout his writings Emerson is in the truest sense a conservative. I mean to say that he holds our gaze on those primal truths that amid all these shifting notions of the day we are in danger of forgetting. We all remember the passage with which he closes the volume of the *Conduct of Life*:—"The young mortal enters the hall of the firmament. Every god is there sitting in his sphere. There is he alone with them alone. On the instant, and incessantly, fall snow-storms of illusions. He fancies himself in a vast crowd which sways this way and that, and whose movements he must obey: he fancies himself poor, orphaned, insignificant. The mad crowd drives hither and thither, now furiously commanding this thing to be done, now that. What is he that he should resist their will, and think or act for himself? Every moment, new changes, and new show-ers of deceptions, to baffle and distract him. And when, by and by, for an instant, the air clears, and the cloud lifts a little, there are the gods still sitting around him on their thrones—they alone with him alone."

So we might say the soul stands in these days, and above are sitting on their thrones the great primal truths. Around us fall the shifting snow-storms of doubts, and denials, and perplexities; but when the calm mind speaks to us, and the air clears, and the cloud lifts a little, there are the great truths still above us on their thrones, they alone with us alone.

E. R. SILL.

THE COLLEGE OF CALIFORNIA WATER PLAN.

THE preparatory department of the College of California was established at Oakland in 1853. But it was never intended that the college itself should be permanently located there. It did not seem to be the best climate. The view was limited. The site was too low and flat. And it could never have a stream of running water flowing through its grounds.

And so, while the college school was training the boys, and bringing forward some of them toward fitness to enter upon college studies, the trustees were searching for the best college site. They had this in view for years, in their business journeys and recreation tours. They wanted to fix upon a spot that succeeding generations would find well chosen, and in all respects fitted for the location of a permanent institution of learning. The country was all before them then, and they were aware that if they made a mistake, it would always be seen; but after the institution was once established it could not be remedied.

After such considerations as convenience of access, genialness and healthfulness of climate, fineness of view, and so forth, came the question of water supply. There had been already a sufficient experience of our rainless summers to make plain that this was a matter of first importance. It was easy to see that here, of all places, the grounds of an institution of learning should have an abundant supply of running water, and that it should be so situated as to be distributed under pressure for domestic use and ornamentation.

The more the matter was studied, the more important this question of water was seen to be. It was easy to perceive that health, comfort, and beauty all depended on it. Nothing but plenty of water well distributed could lay the dust of the long summer months, or redeem any part of the landscape

within the grounds from the aspect of dryness, by preserving lawns and shrubbery and flowers. Nothing but plenty of water under proper pressure could be a needed security against fire, or keep the sewerage wholesome and clean. And the drier the season and the less the rain-fall of the year, the greater the need of a copious and unfailing supply of water.

It was in view of such considerations as these that the search for the best college site was carried on.

Almost the first place to attract attention was the Berkeley locality. The climate there seemed to be very favorable. The winds seemed tempered and mild. San Franciscans used to leave their dusty city in a tempest of ocean breezes in the forenoon, and, picnicking on the sunny slopes of the Berkeley grounds all day, look down upon the bay covered with white-caps and fog-drifts. Besides, the large grove of trees that bordered the stream was a great attraction. There were noble old evergreen oaks and sycamores and bay trees, with abundance of smaller shrubbery. And then, the outlook was exceptionally fine. Traveled people from the East repeatedly pronounced it rare for any part of the world. Its proximity to the city was in its favor, and its nearness to the lines of travel. It seemed to be well nigh perfection as a college site, and had only one drawback, and that was the smallness of the stream of water.

Thereupon an extensive search for a location with abundance of water was entered upon elsewhere. It was carried on as opportunity offered in successive years. There was no particular haste to come to a conclusion, for the preparatory school was maturing in that early time but slowly, and the actual question of college location was not pressing.

In the spring of 1856 the Rev. Dr. Bushnell

came to California in search of health. His stay with us was most opportune for our purpose. His wish was for an out-of-door life. And for this he was glad to have a congenial errand to engage his attention. To help us in this search for the best college site was just the thing. At once it enlisted his enthusiastic interest. He brought to the work the fruit of a wide observation, and the exercise of a rare judgment.

And Dr. Bushnell was a man who knew well how to make play of that kind of work. How he did it is described in his own racy style in his letters home, written at the time. They appear in the volume of his "Life and Letters." I myself went with him in a good many of his tours of observation, and I remember well the enjoyable time we had. The Mission San Jose was our starting point. Sometimes we traveled on horseback, sometimes in a buggy, and sometimes in the stage. He seemed to be the youngest man of his age that I ever met, and you would never have thought him an invalid. He was always good for a long ride or a hard climb. For the time, you would have thought that the carrying out of the college idea was his life work. In summing up his work at the end of the season, he says:

"I have occupied my whole time down to the last of December in examining views and prospects, exploring water-courses, determining their levels, and gauging their quantities of water, discovering quarries, finding supplies of sand and gravel, testing climates, inquiring and even prospecting to form some judgment of the probabilities of railroads."

And here it is only just to the memory of Dr. Bushnell to recall the accuracy of his foresight as to where a railroad would first break through the Coast Range. After much riding and personal examination, he maintained that it would be exactly where the Central Pacific did, years afterward, locate their road, approaching San Francisco Bay along the Alameda creek. There were no railroads in California then, nor had there been any actual surveys, to give an idea how

the engineering difficulties presented by the Coast Range could best be overcome. Dr. Bushnell's judgment was founded wholly upon what he could see with his eyes. He also thought that the road would approach San Francisco by crossing the lower end of the bay, by means of piling, etc., and then follow up the western shore to the city.

But to return to his report. He proceeds to say:

"I obtained terms of purchase of various sites, and looked somewhat after titles, neglecting nothing necessary to prepare the question for a proper settlement. I have reported on a site at Martinez; also on another at Petaluma valley; on another in the Sonoma valley; on another in the valley owned by Señor Suñol, back of the Contra Costa chain, and five miles distant from the Mission San Jose; on another at Mission San Jose itself; on another at San Pablo; on another at Clinton, or Brooklyn, opposite the city; and on still another in Napa valley."

Dr. Bushnell wrote out a voluminous report of his observations on these several places, and it was copied in full in the records of the College of California, where it may now be found as he left it.

A prolonged investigation was had concerning some of the sites thus reported on. The copiousness of the water supply was greatly in favor of the sites in Suñol's valley and at Mission San Jose and in Napa valley. But their remoteness was against them. They seemed in those days to be much more remote than now. Besides, some of them were encumbered with difficulties of title, and that was an insuperable objection, however many attractions they possessed.

Meanwhile, the College School at Oakland had become a well-known and flourishing institution, and out of its many pupils the first class was nearly ready to enter upon college studies. It was determined not to hasten the change of location from Oakland, but temporarily to open the college there. And so in the year 1860 the college faculty was organized, and the first freshman class was admitted.

In that year, also, after the extensive

survey of other sites before described, the Berkeley site was re-examined. And it was found, after all, on the whole, preferable to either of the others, except as to its water supply.

Thereupon a more thorough examination was had as to this vital matter. The springs in the hills were inspected and their flow was estimated. The water-shed that sends the winter rain into the ravine was measured and its catchment capacity determined. The facilities for building a permanent dam at the point where the opening for Strawberry Creek is narrowest, as that stream passes out of the hills, were examined. It was observed that just above the point where such a dam would be built to the best advantage there was a little valley of several acres, which would hold the water and become a little lake, impounding many millions of gallons. It was thought, on the whole, that an adequate water supply could be here created, and that at no very great expense. If this was practicable, it was the unanimous opinion that this was the best site for the college.

As soon as this conclusion was reached, on April 16th, 1860, the board of trustees met on the grounds, and formally set them apart to the purposes of liberal and Christian learning. The boundaries of the site property were marked, and a fence was ordered to be built around it. But in prosecuting the plans for the water supply two things become necessary. First, to own the land from the college site itself back eastward into the hills constituting the entire catchment basin, and both banks of the stream down to the college property. This was at that time for sale, and the college made the purchase. And while the college studies were going on in Oakland, the first thing done at Berkeley was to begin the work of obtaining an abundance of water. It was found, at this point, that this could not easily be done by the corporation under the college charter. Consequently, in the second place, a College Water Company was organized from among the members of the board of trustees, and was duly incorporated

according to the law of the State, for furnishing pure fresh water to towns and cities. This company thenceforward took the work of carrying out the plans for obtaining water vigorously in hand.

To begin with, an engineer was employed to examine the springs, accurately measure their flow, and report generally on the best method of developing the water supply. He carefully made the examination in the autumn, the driest time, in 1864. He reported the flow of several springs at that time, which he regarded to be the minimum, as twelve thousand gallons every twenty-four hours. He reported also the flow of another spring a little distance to the north, of which the owner had given the college a deed, to be ninety thousand gallons in twenty-four hours.

He also reported on the practicability of building the dam before spoken of, representing that it could be inserted between the two walls of solid rock that bordered the ravine in the narrowest place, and thus impound a heavy body of water from the winter's rains for use in summer. Meantime the flow of the springs would be continually running into this reservoir. This flow, the engineer reported, could be greatly increased by carefully opening the springs themselves, and conducting the water down in pipes, thus saving seepage and evaporation.

He suggested, also, that trees be planted around the springs, to extensively shade them and the ground near them. To provide for this, seeds were obtained and were sowed in a nursery, and the little shoots that sprung from them have now grown on that spot in the hills into a little forest of green trees. They were not transplanted at the right time to the spaces around the springs, as they should have been; and some who now see them there, apparently so out of place, wonder how they can have come there. They cannot tell their own story, or explain that they sprang from seeds planted for a different purpose some eighteen years ago.

Early in the year 1867, the actual work of

bringing the water to the college grounds and distributing it under pressure for use was commenced. A point was selected for a small reservoir high enough on the hillside to furnish a water supply to residences and lots situated on the highest practicable levels. It was intended that enough water should always be brought into that small reservoir from the higher springs to supply the demand of the few residences on those high levels, that could not get it from the great reservoir proposed below. Meanwhile, at the beginning, and until the larger reservoir was built, the small reservoir would be sufficient to serve as the source of supply for all. For it was part of the plan to furnish not only the college itself with water, but, for a reasonable compensation, all who might desire to take it. The reservoir was well and permanently built of brick, and water was brought in a flume from the proper point in the stream and poured into it. Thence it was conducted in iron pipes to the college site, and to all points near by, where it was called for.

This preliminary development of the proposed water-works was completed in July, 1867. It was determined to celebrate the event by a kind of inaugural picnic. Invitations were sent out for Saturday, August 4th. People went over from San Francisco in the morning boat, and went out to the grounds in omnibuses. People from Oakland and the country around went in carriages. It was an occasion much enjoyed. A San Francisco daily, in giving an account of it, said:

"The location is just where climate, scenery, and living water have combined to furnish every desirable requisite for the site of a great university. In the hills, or mountains, which form the background, are springs and rivulets of water. These have been taken up and conducted over the grounds. The present capacity of these preliminary works is about three hundred thousand gallons a day; but by building a dam, and so making a great reservoir, which can be done at any time in the future, at small cost, the supply can be increased to any desirable extent.

"The successful introduction of water has so much to do with the comfort, health, and prosperity of the people, and the progress of this enterprise is of such public importance, that it was well worthy of a public celebration.

"The fountain at the lower end of the grounds attracted attention from a great distance. The jet was about seventy-five feet high, and the head can at any time be increased so as to throw the water over the highest building which will be erected for public or private use in the vicinity.

"Several prominent gentlemen were on the ground, and made impromptu speeches. They all testified to the exceeding beauty of the locality, and expressed the strongest convictions that upon that spot would grow up the great educational establishment of California."

The demonstration of the value of water distributed according to the plan of these works awakened a new interest in the further prosecution of them. Although it was plain enough that the sources of supply already owned by the college, if properly developed, were sufficient for its separate uses, it was plain also that the community around would want water as well. And one prime condition of making the college successful on that spot was the gathering of people to build their homes there, and gradually create a college town. Nature had furnished other attractions to bring them. It only remained to provide a copious water supply. This added would make the locality the choicest possible for rural homes.

The question was, whether there were streams farther back in the hills from which more water was available. A preliminary examination was had. It seemed to show the possibility of bringing in the Wild Cat Creek, a copious mountain stream, and pouring its waters into our great reservoir, as proposed. An instrumental survey was ordered, and proved the supposition to be correct.

Immediately the legal steps were taken by the water company to acquire the necessary rights. At the same time negotiations

were had with the owners of the land traversed by the proposed aqueduct line, and the right of way was secured along the whole distance. Meanwhile, the formal consent of all in any way interested in this use of the waters of the creek was obtained, and the proceedings before the county court of Contra Costa County were successfully concluded.

Next came the selection of the most feasible place for the dam across the Strawberry Creek, and the exact work of the engineer was commenced to show its size, method of construction, and probable cost.

When the survey line for the aqueduct was run from this proposed reservoir to the Wild Cat Creek, the question arose whether it might not be carried still beyond and reach the San Pablo Creek, so as to bring in the waters of that stream on the same line of works. It was deemed to be of importance enough to warrant a survey to ascertain. The survey was carefully made, and the line was found to strike the San Pablo Creek at such a point as would make it perfectly practicable to bring in that river also whenever needed, and pour its waters into our reservoir. There was no difficulty in this case, either, in obtaining from the owners of the land to be crossed the right of way for the aqueduct. But the consent of the owners of the land on the creek below, that we should appropriate the water, was not so readily granted. The application was resisted before the court, and a commission was appointed to estimate the damages.

It was exactly at this stage in the development of the plans for the water supply that the college transferred its whole work over to the hands of the university. At this point, therefore, a few words may be said by way of recapitulation.

As will be seen from the foregoing account, the plans for this water supply were a growth, and were the result of a good deal of study and observation. They were formed step by step, as necessity seemed to require. In the first place, in deciding upon the site itself, it was made a condition that it should include both banks of the stream

through the whole extent of the grounds, in order to avoid all controversy about water rights.

Then the college secured by purchase the land above the site, including both banks of the stream eastward, and covering all the ground from which the springs flowed. This gave complete command of the water sources, and of whatever localities might be chosen for a dam or for dams across the ravine to catch the winter rain-fall.

Then, as a beginning of the works, the small brick reservoir was constructed, well up on the hill-side. It was put there in order to furnish permanently a supply of water to people living on the highest levels, and temporarily to serve for all. This beginning of the enterprise was satisfactory to all concerned.

Meantime, the legal proceedings were carried on by the water company to open the way for appropriating the large mountain streams, as before mentioned, and were completed, except as to San Pablo Creek; as to that, they were in progress.

At the same time the necessary surveys had been made for the location of the aqueduct from the streams to the level of the great reservoir. And the engineer had just completed the measurements for the construction of the dam across the narrow opening of Strawberry Creek, when the entire work went into other hands.

It was in view of this abundant water supply that Fred Law Olmsted was employed in the summer of 1865 to make a topographical survey and map of these college grounds, and lay them out for the future uses of the institution. To prepare to do this, Mr. Olmsted gave the grounds a thorough examination and study. In his printed report he said:

"During the month of August I spent ten days on the ground, usually coming from San Francisco in the morning and returning at night. The climate of San Francisco was at this time extremely disagreeable, while that of the property of the college was as fine as possible. I determined on remaining on the ground for the purpose of ascertaining

whether this mildness would continue, or whether it preceded a change of temperature and a visit of the night wind after night-fall. At sunset the fog clouds were rolling over the mountain-tops back of San Francisco, gorgeous in golden rosy light; the city itself was obscured by a drifting sand. At Berkeley the air remained perfectly serene, and except for the fog banks in the southwest, I never saw a clearer or brighter sky. It remained the same; the air being still of a delightful temperature till morning, when the sun, rising over the mountains in the rear, gave a new glory to the constant clouds overhanging the heights on each side of the Golden Gate."

Mr. Olmsted made his topographical measurements and notes of the entire grounds. He projected avenues, drive-ways, and streets, together with lawns and ornamental plantings, and noted the localities in his opinion best for such buildings as the

college would in time require. He took his notes and sketches home with him to New York, and there made a very large and finely executed map, showing his idea of the best method of improving the grounds. It was constructed on a plan of growth in the work—a little to be done at a time; but each advance was to constitute a part of the designed whole.

But before anything could be done in the way of beginning these improvements, the water supply had to be assured. Consequently the attention of the trustees of the college, so far as these grounds were concerned, up to the time of the before-mentioned transfer, was mainly directed to the obtaining of an abundance of unfailing water for all uses, through the agency of the College Water Company.

At the time of that transfer the work had reached the stage of progress indicated in the preceding account.

S. H. WILLEY.

THORNS.

As we pass by the roses,
Into your finger-tip
Bruise you the thorn.
Quick at the prick you start,
Crying: "Alas, the smart!
Farewell, my pleasant friend,
Wisely our way we wend
Out of the reach of roses."

O, we pass by the roses!
Where does the red drop drip?
Where is the thorn?
What though 'tis hid and pressed
Piercing into my breast?
Scathless, I stretch my hand;
Strong as their roots I stand,
And dare to trust the roses.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

THE JAPANESE BONZE'S STORY.

"EXCUSE me, teacher, if I be tedious," said my shaven-pated and crape-gowned friend; "and I shall tell you the whole story, as I promised."

It was Kun Shonin (his reverence Kun) who spoke, having just finished his first dinner in "foreign style," at the American teacher's house in Fukui, Japan, on an autumn evening in 1873. After I had made the Reverend Mr. Kun's acquaintance, and so far gained the confidence of a Japanese bonze as to invite him to dinner, the entrance of the novel and savory viands of the American had so far opened the heart of this Buddhist monk that I was to hear the story of his life. I was indeed anxious to know the motive that prompted so active and restless a man to enter the sedentary life of the cloister. The story, the truth of which I afterwards had corroborated from others, revealed the fact that the workings of the human heart were the same in mediæval Europe and in the hermit nation of Japan.

"I can recollect very well that I was always a mischievous boy," said the bonze, ending his first sentence with a laugh that was an excellent dentist's advertisement. "Though my mother tried to train me up properly, according to the teachings of the sages, and though I went with her daily and learned the doctrines and prayers of the Nichiren sect, yet I did not love either books or religion. I liked far rather to be fishing in the castle moats, or shooting pheasants, or netting wild ducks on the hills. As for the exercises on horseback, fencing, the spear exercises, wrestling, and such things, I never tired of them.

"When I was thirteen years old, the prince asked my father to present me at the palace. I knew then that he wished me to be his page. All the *samurais* (gentlemen's) sons thought it a high honor to wait on their

prince in his mansion, to hold his sword, serve him at meals, carry his sandals, and read to him. But I dreaded the monotony of palace life; and when the prince took a fancy to me I professed to be delighted, but in my heart I was angry. However, I came, bringing with me and laying at my master's feet the sign of loyalty usual in our clan—an arrow—and bowing my head to the floor three times.

"All the lads who attended upon the *daimio* had their special, in addition to their general, duty. Mine was to present myself every morning before my lord, and announce to him the state of the weather, the direction of the wind, the temperature of the air, and the probabilities of storm or fair sky for the next twelve hours. This I had to do, as you know, in a stanza of poetry; and as I had never cared to learn meters and composition, or study our poets, I racked my brain daily to fulfil my task. The tediousness of waiting patiently hours at a time upon the commands of my master, and often of sitting motionless for a whole day on my knees, as became a page, and the great change in my habits of life, made me inwardly chafe, and almost 'burst my liver.'

"To make things worse, while one day on an errand of some kind for my lord I passed through that part of the mansion, or *yashiki*, devoted to the use of the women. There I saw for the first time, walking in the long corridor, the prettiest maiden that ever a *samurai* looked on. My heart seemed to bubble up like the springs of Hakoné. As I saw her coming, I dropped my fan purposely, though as if accidentally. The lovely Hoshi (star) seeing it after I had passed her, called me with a voice that sounded like an *unguisu* (nightingale) in a bamboo grove on a moonlight night. Kneeling down, she handed back to me the fan with a blush and a few words of explanation.

"I experienced an entirely new feeling as I looked in her eyes when she bashfully cast her glances upward. Thenceforth that face lay on my heart like the form of Mount Fuji against the sunset sky. Yet I never saw her again during many months; though, finding out where she lived, I bribed a servant of her father's to carry my fan to her, after I had inscribed a love poem on it. I soon knew her passion was kindled for me, for she sent me back, as proof of her feelings, a beautiful tobacco pipe with silver bowl, and mouth-piece inlaid with gold. I used this pipe only when entirely alone, and then, under its soothing influence, great purple clouds full of visions of future happiness seemed to float before me."

Here his reverence dropped into such a prolonged reverie that, after patient waiting some minutes, my interpreter recalled the bonze to his narrative by the question:

"What followed? Please continue. I am more and more interested, for '*Iro hana bakari*,' ('Love is the sweetest flower that blooms in the human heart') as the song goes," said the interpreter, laughing as he quoted the opening words of an old and popular song. On more than one occasion have I seen the room full of company—Japanese youths and singing maidens—burst into lively music with clapping of palms, singing, and guitar music, immediately upon the start being given by some one reproducing the first three words and notes.

"Alas, for my purple visions!" continued the bonze. "I soon found from Hoshi herself that she had been betrothed in her cradle to one Hamada, a son of one of the *daimios*, *Dai Sanji*, or Great Councilor. He was then also an infant. Hoshi had scarcely ever seen her affianced except upon his nurse's back. She was now spending a year at the prince's court, to learn etiquette and wait upon the princess. On leaving the court, she was to be married in less than a year."

"One night I was seen talking with Hoshi by her maid, who informed the young man affianced to Hoshi, who told the princess. Thereupon, next morning I was severely

reprimanded by my lord, and was degraded by being ordered to serve, during the daytime, for one month in the *daimio's* kitchen. I had, however, the privilege of serving tea every evening to my lord while at his supper. By the cooks I was treated as a menial, and I smarted for revenge.

"Alas! if I could leave out of my story what I am about to tell you I should not now be a priest, and men would not gossip about me, nor my enemies laugh as they do. Had it not been for the spirit of revenge and of mischief that possessed me, and which even now, in spite of these robes and smooth skull, and all my prayers to Great Shaka"—here his reverence bowed—"I am not able to control, I should have been a vastly different man. I wear a priest's collar and robes, but I am unworthy to hold my sacred office."

Here his reverence rolled up a pellet of fine-cut, which being lighted, he swallowed or drank the smoke, which in a moment issued in a double stream from his nostrils. Then, cocking his head meditatively, his eyes assumed a far-off expression as he continued:

"Let me see: it was on the tenth night of the tenth month, just twenty-five years ago, when the whole mansion of my master, the *daimio*, was as light as day, and painted candles were as numerous as the pines on Atago Yama. All the lords and high officers of the province were squatted on the mats in 'The Hall of Six Hundred Mats,' chatting together two by two, while sixty *hibachi* (fire-braziers) and tobacco-trays in the eastern hall were ranged for the guests.

"In the center of the banqueting room, shut off from the other apartments by sliding doors, was a huge globe of flowers of every hue. These formed a bouquet eight feet high, but all rested on one small porcelain stand shaped like a lotus flower and stalk. A florist, who had come up from Kioto specially for the occasion, had spent an entire day upon the work.

"All around the base were ranged, with the best culinary skill of a cook brought specially from Yedo for the feast, a

number of prepared dishes of all sorts. The sixty-six provinces of the empire were represented by sixty-six dishes of many shapes. Some of the trenchers were as large as the full moon. The arrangement of the dishes was such that, with their various sizes, colors, and shapes, they formed a map of the empire and islands, in delicious food. Yet each dish was easily reached by spaces left on the matting, representing the great highways of the country. There were mountains in pastry, and lakes in jelly, and sea-shores in green, and groves in leaves and boughs. The huge flower-vase was set right on the high table-land of Shinano, in the center of the miniature empire.

"It was such a splendid triumph of culinary and floral art, that all the company after they should have assembled were to inspect and admire it before the feast began.

"My month's degradation to the kitchen had passed, and I was a page again, and in ceremonial hempen blue dress. The other pages and myself were waiting in one corner of the dining-hall, as we were to serve the guests, when Sekino, a young fellow as bad as myself, suddenly dared me to kick over the gigantic bouquet of flowers. I had just been boasting of my courage, and lo! the test came, and with it a temptation to gratify my revenge. Not stopping to think, and as if urged by an *oni*, (devil) I gave the base a kick, and down fell the heap of flowers. The splendid Owari porcelain vase four feet high, and the stand made in the form of a great lotus flower, were broken, the water spilled out, and in a moment the whole work of cook and florist were mixed together in confusion. Jellies and pastes, petals, leaves, and stems, and broken crockery were all jumbled together, and some of the huge round platters were broken.

"In a moment the hall was filled by servants and the officers, who had rushed in to see what was up. I was seized, and fortunately; for the infuriated master cook looked as if he would kill me. I heard afterwards that the poor man, seizing a long fish knife, could hardly be kept from suicide. That night I spent, cold and wretched, among

common thieves and beggars in prison. Instead of being confined as persons of the *samurai* class usually are, in my own house, I was sent to the public jail. There I stayed a whole month, living on the prison fare of two balls of bad rice and a bit of pickled radish daily.

"Meanwhile, the high officers of the prince sat in judgment on my case. My crime was considered a direct insult to the prince, and I was condemned to death. As I was a *samurai*, I was not to be publicly decapitated, but was to be allowed to commit suicide by opening my bowels with a dirk.

"You may imagine how broken-hearted my mother was; and my father almost began to doubt whether I was indeed his son. As for my old nurse, who always doted on me, she was firmly convinced that I had been suddenly possessed of a fox, and thus had acted contrary to all reason and propriety. So she fried a huge quantity of bean-curd, laid it before the shrine of Inari Sama, and piteously besought him in my behalf. I verily believe, from what I heard, that she spent half her wages for the month while I was in prison, for offerings to the deity, and food for the foxes that haunt his shrine.

"The day was fixed on which I was to commit *hara kiri*. My short sword, already wrapped round the blade with white paper, was laid on the tray. The silver paper screen was made ready. I had requested, partly to punish him for his rashness, but mainly from old friendship, my companion, Sekino, the page who had dared me to kick over the vase, to be my executioner. He was to sever my head from behind, after I should thrust the dirk into my bowels. What turned the sentence which was meant to be honorable suicide into deep disgrace, was the fact that the chief butler of the *daimio* was chosen inspecting officer of the execution.

"But by the grace and favor of Kuanon, (the goddess of mercy) who succors even the most undeserving, my life was spared. The chief priest of the temple at which my mother worshiped took pity on me. He was about to leave Tosa, my native province,

and go to Echizen. He wanted a servant and a neophyte. At my mother's intercession he went to the *daimio*, and begged him to pardon me, promising to make me his disciple and remove me from the country. His reverence happened to be in the good graces of the prince, and the request was granted. Life was sweet to me, and I gave my promise to the priest, and shaved off my hair immediately, in token of my renunciation of the world.

"Leaving the prison without even bidding my family farewell, or making an attempt to see Hoshi, I came to Fukui. Here I entered the monastery, resolving to live a new life, and to become one of the strictest of the Nichiren sect. I diligently applied myself to the study of the sacred books in Chinese and Sanscrit. For five years I spent in study every hour I could spare from meals and sleep and duties at the temple, so that I read the whole of the sacred canon, especially the books of our sect and its great founder. I became an instructor in the monastery even when but twenty years old. I was also able to argue with old priests, so that before I was thirty I was known not only throughout all the temples and monasteries of our sect, but even among those of others. I kept myself from all luxuries, abstaining from wine, from society, and everything that seemed to me to be snares. I determined to show, should I ever return to my native province, that the boy was a true priest.

"But all this time there was a face forgotten, that I could not banish from my memory. In spite of all my prayers and labors, it was ever fresh and fair. I used to chide myself for allowing a moment's reverie over a girl whom I had seen when but a boy. 'What a fool are you!' I said to myself. 'Even were Hoshi here, what would it avail? A priest may not marry unless he joins the wretched sect of the Montos which I could not jeopardize my soul by doing. Celibacy for life is my duty and my chosen path. Why should I nurse such a sinful thought, and lessen my chances of gaining Paradise?'

"I had long since taken the pipe, the gift

of Hoshi, and fastened it to a votive tablet, on which also was my top-knot, cut off when my head was shaved. I hung it before the shrine of Kuanon, in the great temple of our sect in Kioto, while passing through the city on my way to Fukui, where I suppose it still hangs."

I had told my interpreter to translate literally every sentence the bonze uttered, and he did so as far as he was able. The Japanese language is largely figurative, and the Buddhist style of speech extremely so. The English equivalents of Buddhist phrases are often exactly the same as our choicest specimen of hymn-book dialect; and to repeat them as coming from the lips of a heathen priest would expose the writer to the charge of being excessively irreverent. If those persons whose religion consists largely in the stock phrases of their sect were to hear and understand two of the most orthodox heathen Japanese talking together, they would say, "We are ruined by Japanese cheap labor." Certainly, they would confess that the heathen could beat them at their own game. Or else, taking refuge in the easy theory of the Abbé Huc, they might declare that the devil had taught these poor savages how to imitate the genuine thing. As for the interpreter, he tried his best to do the bonze's expressions into English; but not having yet included Watts, Rouse, and Tupper in his range of studies, he often failed totally to do the old bonze justice.

"And is your heart so completely weaned away from earthly things that you are never tempted by pretty faces and lovely forms? Has nothing ever lured you to leave the priesthood?" I asked.

"I can safely say," said his reverence with a smile, "that no woman's face in Fukui has ever yet disturbed me, and I doubt if any can. Indeed, to tell the truth, my heart is ashes, like the body of my poor Hoshi, and my thoughts follow only her."

"What do you mean in referring to 'ashes'? are you speaking figuratively?"

"No, truly not, but literally and in earnest. The maiden died within a few months after I

became a priest, and before her prospective marriage. Nobody knew of what she died; though I heard incidentally, from my patron priest, that she asked that a particular fan should be packed in the coffin and consumed with her. Every one wondered at it, though it was done as she said; and, as you know, the fire leaves nothing in the cremation furnace but hot, white, and glowing bones."

The bonze's story was finished. The

heavy beam in the temple belfry swung on its ropes, and nine times struck the boss on the outer surface of the bell, flooding the valley with waves of liquid melody. It was "eight o'clock," the hour of midnight, "the hour of the ox"—from 12 P. M. to 2 A. M.

"*Sayonara*," (Good by) said his reverence, with a profound bow. "*Sayonara O Shidzukani*," (Good by, walk slowly) said the host; and the Reverend Mr. Kun disappeared. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

REMINISCENCES OF THE GOLD PERIOD.

WITH the knowledge now possessed by the pioneers of the California gold-hunting rush, in respect to the difficulties and hardships which had to be overcome to reach the diggings after their arrival in San Francisco, it is amusing, although not very flattering to the foresight or the shrewdness of the greater portion of them, to recall the scenes and incidents of that unexampled and unmatched period; the causes which immediately prompted them to join in the rush; the modes by which they came; and the accidents or singular chain of circumstances by which they were either led to good fortune or brought to ill luck.

When the intelligence of the discovery of gold in California first came, in indistinct manner, to the people of the United States, it created very little concern. Subsequently, more definite reports began to produce some sensation; and the return from the newly acquired territory of two or three in official position who corroborated these reports, but had brought none of the precious metal to verify their own statements, had the effect of dampening the fervor of those who first showed symptoms of the gold fever, quite as much as of rousing it in others. It was argued that no person would hasten away from a land where gold was to be had for the digging of it from the soil, and much less would any

come from it without bringing some of the ore with him. Even in the one or two instances wherein these returned expeditionists had brought "specimens" with them for exhibition to substantiate their recitals, the "stuff" they showed as gold, of dull copper hue, and totally unlike anything in the appearance or form of gold that the people had ever seen, caused their stories to be received with unbelief, and themselves to be viewed as Munchausens or impostors.

Jewelers and workers in gold—the gold then known to the world, bright and rich to look upon—were incredulous. And one instance is known in which the practical joke of two friends wrought the craze of the fever, by means of what are known as "jewelers' drops," upon other of their friends who had stood proof against the allurements of every other kind to dispose them to the gold hunt in the new El Dorado. Tom Eden was a "Boston boy," cute, and of sly, deep humor, foreman of Caspar C. Child's old New York "Daily Globe." One of his companions was a waggish jeweler of Philadelphia, then working in New York. It was in the early winter of 1848-49, and the newspapers were measurably working up the gold fever, alike by authentic reports, as they proved, and by sensational articles. Among the six hundred volunteers of Colonel Jonathan D. Stevenson's regiment for

California, who had sailed from New York in 1846, were two printers, Dave Norris and Bill Layton; both were friends of Tom Eden, and generally known and much liked among the craft, who commonly rendezvoused at such popular resorts for printers and reporters, the journalists, writers, wits, and poets (famous among whom were Edgar A. Poe and Bangs) as the Red House, Jacob Linn's, Paddy Quirck's, the Marble Hall, Nag's Head, and "old Charley Wadlow's" Rainbow. These renowned if not classic haunts of Ann and Nassau, Fulton and Frankfort streets were convenient to the offices of the "Herald" and the other bright, newsy dailies, the Sunday papers, the "Mirror" of General Morris and N. P. Willis, and the principal literary publications of the period.

One day Tom Eden received a letter, bearing the St. Louis post-mark of late November, which had evidently been written by Dave Norris, with a brief postscript by Bill Layton, from the "diggings" in California. It contained a very detailed description of the country, the gold mines, the crude methods of mining, their camp life, the abundance of the precious ore, and their rapid accumulation of riches from their own mines; and to feast the eyes of their old friend Tom, they had inclosed in the letter—a full sheet of foolscap—three small "specimens" of the gold they had freshly dug just before the letter was dispatched by the hand of an acquaintance who was about to return to St. Louis by way of Santa Fé. The letter bore date of late summer; and the round number to whom it was shown, who remembered the handwriting of Norris and Layton, instantly recognized it as genuine in that particular, as well as in style. It was, as one exclaimed after the perusal, "Old Dave and old Bill all over." The letter was so uncommonly graphic, descriptive, interesting, and convincing, that its publication was immediately requested by several of the newspapers, and was given to one of them for that purpose.

A Wall Street firm, then engaged in pro-

moting the rush of emigration to California, begged the loan of the three small shining "specimens" to display in their window, and show to the curious who insisted upon closer inspection. They were the size of a large pinhead, smooth, almost like shot, and shiny. Thousands read the published letter, and it was copied into other papers far and wide. Thousands more hurried to Wall Street to see the "specimens." The brokers' office was crammed inside day after day, and crowded outside upon the sidewalk, with the multitude eager to get in to witness at close view the substantial testimony to the golden product of the mines. Men accustomed to handle gold daily, many who wrought in it as jewelers, gold-beaters, and in other ways, handled the tiny "specimens." All wondered over them, thousands grew excited over them and the letter; and the letter and the "specimens" together created a furor and a frenzy of the most demonstrative gold-fever character.

Among Tom Eden's printer friends was one who had thus far been unmoved by the reports from the land of gold. He was doing well, was not disposed to adventure under difficulty or hardship, and was content to let well alone. But the letter and the accompanying "specimens" began to work upon him. Revolutions never go backward; no more do the aspirations awakened by the greed of riches. In a week this person was taken with the fever; in another week he had taken the universal means to its abatement. He joined one of the many joint-stock associations to purchase a ship and go to California by way of Cape Horn. He was only one of hundreds, if not thousands, of others who had been similarly inspired from the same common cause—the Norris and Layton letter and the three small shot-like "specimens."

But before he resigned his good situation, and announced his purpose to make the long voyage, Tom Eden disclosed to him the fact that the letter was not genuine, that the "specimens" were simply "jewelers' drops" specially prepared for the purpose; and that the whole thing was a practical

joke, or in other words, a hoax. His jeweler chum had supplied the "specimens." Tom himself had written the letter and postscript, and sent it to a friend in St. Louis, to be re-mailed to himself under another cover.

The friendly revelation had no effect on the gold-fever-stricken person. He was now filled with the desire and the determination to go; and he was pleased rather than provoked at the practical joke; tickled, himself, at the consummate skill in its execution, the adroitness and cleverness with which it had been managed. And when the steamboat which accompanied the ship down the lower bay beyond the Narrows, as the company sailed from New York, parted from alongside to return to the city, Tom Eden's hand was the last and the warmest the gladly duped voyager clasped as he took from Tom the proffered bent sixpence, which was as a token of the firm friendship between them.

The practical joke proved his greatest benefit in after life. But what a homily and commentary were furnished in the "specimens," which passed unchallenged and undoubted as genuine virgin gold, pure from the manipulation or the art of man, among the thousands, even the workers in gold, who saw and "inspected" them, and who had at the same time rejected as spurious and denounced as "stuff" the actually genuine specimens that had been exhibited by the one or two who had returned from California with the native gold dug there! And it is appropriate to add that in California, during his long residence here, the person here alluded to found many whose determination to join in the gold hunt was the consequence of that hoaxing letter, and the "specimens" made to give it more pronounced credence; and he found not one of these who ever regretted to learn that it was a hoax, or who was not glad and thankful that he had been deluded by it to his better fortune. Also, it should be said that the description of the letter, as to the method of mining and the mode of life then practiced in the newly discovered gold fields, was singularly faithful, notwithstanding the fact that up to the time it was written no

approximate account of either had reached the Atlantic side. And before another year had passed Tom Eden came to San Francisco himself, but not to dig in the mines; and here he has ever since lived, steadily pursuing his occupation as a "newspaper man."

But, as it is intimated at the outset of this sketch, an extraordinary feature of the gold-hunting expeditions hither was the common neglect to contemplate, forecast, or provide for the means and requirements to reach the mines after arrival in the Bay of San Francisco; and again, in equipping for the voyage and the contemplated sojourn here: for barely a few came to make this coast their permanent abode. Simply to get here was the predominant thought and desire; and as no one knew how far interior the mines were, or how they were to be reached, nobody borrowed trouble, or cared to burden his mind with a matter that none could explain or give trustworthy information upon. Wilkins Micawber, appareled in his grotesque rig for Australia, as he appeared on the deck of the outward-bound ship on the day of his departure from England, was not a more ludicrous object than were many of the California gold hunters by sea voyage, in their absurd and comical outfits. Sailors' pea-jackets, guernsey shirts, oil-cotton suits, sou'westers and tarpaulins, duck trowsers, coarse boots and brogans and pumps, life-preserver belts and vests, and the everlasting sailor chest, for ship-board life; with something sensible and appropriate, however, in the way of dress for the mines; such as heavy coarse woolen suits, hickory shirts, blankets, high-legged stout boots, and gum boots and suits, with mattresses and blankets of the same material, and soft felt hats or cloth caps; while for weapons, the larger number bought the clumsy and nearly unserviceable Allen's "pepper-box" revolver, or the single-barreled pistol of the same maker, or yager smooth-bore rifles, and all manner of knives, from the imitation "Bowie" to the cheap and more useful sailors' sheath-knife. Comparatively few had the more expensive and serviceable Colt's

revolver, fine rifles, or shot guns, although the cheap and handy jack-knife was common to all.

In company outfits, in some instances, were a mixture of the useful and profitable with the nonsensical, extravagant, and worthless, to even more preposterous degree. Thus the thousands of dollars invested in frames and lumber for buildings, and in boats for shallow streams; for stores of clothing, boots, and good provisions, flour, butter, canned fruits, etc., were admirably placed, and found ready sale during the winter of 1849-50, at fabulous prices—lumber selling at from \$300 to \$500 per 1,000 feet; boots at from \$50 to \$100 per pair; and butter, canned fruits, and pickles, in the mines, at from \$3 to \$7 per pound and per can. Saleratus sold for its weight in gold-dust in some of the mining camps; and flour and salt pork at from \$1.50 to \$2 per pound. But the many other thousands put in mining machinery, invented and manufactured by scientific humbugs or theoretic impostors just smart enough or with the cunning to impose upon the ignorant or idiotic, or interested company purveyors or agents, were so many thousands worse than thrown away; for they cost just so much freight for the voyage, and incurred the additional expense in San Francisco Bay of unloading and lighterage, or transportation thence to the mines, only to be abandoned at last as utterly useless for any purpose whatever—save in the very few cases in which they answered as camp coffee-mills, or some of the parts, after dismemberment, served in the construction or repair of rockers. San Francisco beach, the embarcaderos of Sacramento and Stockton, and the mining-camps, were the final deposits of the extravagant trash.

The comparatively small number who brought tents were wise. Common wall-tents, and such as soldiers use, were readily sold for from \$50 to \$100, and a large oiled tent of stout duck in the Louisianian camp, which cost \$150 in New Orleans, and \$100 more to take it to the mines, was sold for \$2,000. Frame houses, all ready to put up,

that cost in the States \$1,000, were snapped up in San Francisco at \$7,000. Picks and shovels sold for an ounce each in the mines, and small crow-bars even higher. In Mormon Gulch \$200 was paid for a rocker which its owner had made in Stockton in a day, and on which he paid \$8 freight by wagon. Colt's pistols were in demand at from \$100 to \$150; and Ned Irwin, of Stevenson's regiment, mining on Stanislaus River with his old comrades Jake Schoonmaker and Frank (now General) Pinto of New York, gave ten ounces of gold-dust for a revolving-chambered rifle.

But the errors and lack of sound judgment in that period of general excitement and craze in preparing for the rush to California, on the part of a great proportion of those who outfitted for the wearisome and perilous journey overland, were more lamentable than any made by the Argonauts of the Cape Horn or Isthmus routes; for they had bitter and harrowing and almost incredible sufferings, and death in its most agonizing forms. Long lines of heavily laden teams, with abundant animals—horses, mules, oxen, and bands of cattle for use in the golden land—started in exuberant spirits from the frontiers across the continent, with banded companies, pledged to stand by one another in times of trouble and danger, only to separate as foes after a few weeks' companionship; to encounter the worst terrors of the unexplored plains, together with the ravages of cholera and the savagery of hostile, thieving, murderous Indians; and finally to succumb to the most painful fate, or to reach the Sierra range in destitute condition, pitifully stripped of all they started with, except bare life itself, and the shreds and rags which had been their store of comfortable clothing. The annals of exploration in wild lands and desert regions furnish not a more sorrowful and horrifying narrative than that which can be truthfully related of the trials and privations and excruciating sufferings of thousands of men, women, and children who then experienced the calamities and horrors of the overland journey: either to arrive here in emaciated, forlorn,

destitute condition, or to leave their bodies as prey to buzzards and wolves, and their bones whitening the track of their passage through the Valley of Death—many fallen from Indian massacre, others by disease and neglect, and some slain by their own comrades, or by Mormon "destroying angels," or by the more terrible agencies of starvation and thirst. Conspicuous in the list of these soul-sickening tragedies is the starvation and death of the Donner family, with its loathsome and brutish concomitant of cannibalism on the part of at least one of the survivors. And for years after the period of the "rush," the way overland bore the traces of the many catastrophes—abandoned wagons, the bones of the animals, the unearthed remains of the numerous victims, and other ghastly evidences.

After the arrival in San Francisco Bay the chief trouble with many of the "around the Horn," and the Isthmus-route emigrants as well, was to work their way to the mines. Some had come away so poor in purse that they had actually not a dollar on their arrival; and yet they found themselves in a city where a cup of coffee or tea and a biscuit or plate of cakes cost one dollar, and a good square meal all the way from two to ten dollars; with eggs a dollar each, milk a dollar a pint, and vegetables still more costly. One of these impecunious emigrants, on going ashore with barely two dimes in his pocket, saw a box of onions in a butcher's shop, and picking up the dainty, as it was to him after his long voyage, bit into it before he asked the price, and then offered the butcher a dime to take out the pay. His eyes expanded as large as his mouth, and his under jaw dropped as if paralyzed, when he was told a dollar was the sum to pay. As the butcher was in want of a hand to help him in his work, he offered the startled emigrant opportunity to immediately work out the price of the onion. He proved himself so handy and expert, that the butcher gave him employment at eight dollars per day; and he was delighted with the situation until, in a few days, he ascertained that twelve dollars per day was the

lowest wages paid for the same work, and that an ounce a day, or sixteen dollars, was the going wages for all kinds of mechanics needed in the city.

The only ways to reach the mining districts were by sail boats to Sacramento or Stockton, and thence by mule or team or afoot to the placers—the last the most common and best way in every respect, with blankets and "grub" packed upon the back. River steamers had not then made their appearance. Not until late in September did the *Pioneer*, the first steamer of the kind, ascend the Sacramento, followed in October by the little *Mint*, a wee iron craft, so crank that a heavy man on the guards would give her a list to that side, and require her momentary stoppage to "trim ship." Early in November she was changed to the *San Joaquin*, and was the first steamboat that ever ran to Stockton. The fare on either river was \$32. But on the schooners and small sail boats, before the advent of the steamers, the fare was from \$16 to \$20; and each passenger was to furnish his own "grub." The trip up or down usually occupied from two to ten days—an average of five days, and sometimes two weeks.

It was a trip to be remembered. Sleep was to be caught as it could be, on deck or in the hold, or in the open boats on the freight; and cooking was equally difficult, sometimes impossible. Above Benicia the mosquitoes were in dense swarms, and ravenous. Old Peter Goodhue, since of horse-trading celebrity, declared, in his emphatic, drawling manner of speech, that once they got at him under a pair of heavy blankets, and "sucked him just like he was a sherry cobbler." The simile was not overdrawn, largely as he was given to drawing upon his capital stock of the marvelous.

Freight to the mines was governed by the distance and the character of the diggings. It was as high as a dollar a pound to some camps not above seventy-five miles away. Ox and mule teams and pack-trains were the freighting mediums, and the mining-bound "passengers," like those who work their way on canals, walked to keep up with the

team or train. To do this on the road to the Southern mines, out of Stockton, was a severe task for any. Water was very scarce, and between the rivers was supplied from shallow wells, which gave the nasty mixture that once caused a Chinaman, who refused the cupful handed to him, to cry out, "Too muchee land!" The broad plain of twenty-five miles to the Stanislaus was barren as a desert, and in the hot sun and over the broken, fissured, parched surface, or the easier but thickly dust-covered road or trail, it was certainly a hard road to travel, athirst and overheated.

At the "Lone Tree" tent, kept by a hot-tempered Scot, was a halting place for refreshments—whisky fifty cents a drink and ale three dollars a bottle. It came near to being a fatal stopping place to one of a small party on their way to the Sonora diggings, keeping company with the team on which their freight was hauled. Obtaining permission to sleep at night under the tent, they all availed themselves of the opportunity, as "camping out" in the open air was yet new to them. In the morning the owner declared that during the night he had been robbed of a bag of gold-dust with about fifty ounces in it, and he particularly charged one of the party with the theft. There were three or four others present who had camped outside. They were on their way from the mines to Stockton; all well armed, and imbued with the lynch-law spirit of the country then rampant, and in no wise given to ceremony or delay in case of crime. The party were strangers in the land, and not disposed to the rash use of weapons; but in any event were not a match for the others. They each and all protested their entire innocence, and the person charged offered to submit to the utmost search. It was all in vain, and the simple assertion of the owner of the tent was as unquestionable proof to the returning miners. The teamster himself seemed to side with the accuser. Hanging or the instant restoration of the money was the alternative offered. Happily, just then a horseman was seen a mile or more away,

rapidly approaching. The Scotchman recognized the rider in due time before he reached the spot, and shouted to him to hasten in. The man came, listened to the various statements, and then ordered the party to depart, saying to the others that he was satisfied that "none of that crowd" had stolen the dust. It was Dick Heath—Major R. W. Heath—who, with his partner, Emory, kept a ferry miles farther on. But the man had been robbed; and it was afterwards confessed by the teamster, on his death-bed, that he had stolen the bag of gold. To save himself, he was willing to have the innocent man, whose freight he was carrying, hanged for the theft.

The roads and trails to the Northern mines were less difficult and painful to travel, so far as plains and water were involved; but the rough and tiresome ascent and descent of mountains, ravines, and gulches, and the weary tramp through cañons, made the one quite as exhausting as the other. Sectional prejudice as well as accident led the gold hunters to their choice between the two divisions. There was, too, a difference in the gold: that in the southern mines was generally coarse gold; that is, it was in larger lumps or nuggets; while that found in the northern mines was fine gold, in scales and dust form; but the average in value was nearly the same.

Mining implements were of the simplest kind—a pick, a shovel, a crow-bar, knife, scraper, and ordinary tin pan being all that was required. Many had not even a bar or a rocker. In some districts the earth paid from surface to bed-rock (or that which was often taken for bed-rock, then) from four to seven feet deep. Claims were apportioned by the laws of the miners in each camp, according to the nature of the ground and its richness. Hence in some a claim was twelve feet front, and thence back to the hill or divide; while in others it was much more, or limited to a stated number of square feet. Each man was entitled to a claim, but to no more; and in many camps, because of the feeling against southern

men, who had brought slaves with them to work in the mines while they idled, neither negroes nor hired hands were allowed to take claims, although they were permitted to work them for others.

Good pay meant an ounce a day or more; and many abandoned diggings which paid less, in sheer disgust at their "poor luck," to prospect in other places for better diggings: only to acquire the habit of roaming, stopping here and there merely long enough to replenish their purses; and so to fulfill the trite adage that "the rolling stone gathers no moss." They swelled the multitudes who in subsequent years "rushed" to Gold Lake, Gold Bluffs, Trinidad, Frazer River, Kern River, Cariboo, Okanagan, Florence, Warren's, Boise Basin, Canyon City, Auburn in Idaho, and elsewhere, to end their lives either in sudden manner, by accident or violence, or to become reduced to penury and want, and helpless condition; and to linger and die in hospitals or poor-houses, or sometimes in prisons. They had started in for their pile; but they neither made hay while the sun shone, nor let well alone; nor were they content with wages or sums which in their former period of life, in their early homes, the most fortunate of them would have regarded as much

beyond their most extravagant hopes or desires. They were of the nature of those to whom gold is a curse and its possession a blight.

It is as singular as it was in early mining days proverbial, that the most improvident and the most reckless, with their rich store dug from the earth, were almost invariably the most fortunate in locating the richest yielding claims. Indeed, it used to be remarked that "drunken men, sailors, fools, and niggers" were always the luckiest. But the folly and recklessness and extravagance of all these had the effect of pouring their accumulated treasure in enormous masses into other and thrifty and enterprising hands; where it is now enriching and beautifying and grandly blessing this prospering State. And as the foundation of California's great destiny was in her gold, now passed to worthier usefulness than many of its pioneer diggers made of it, so must the recollections of that primitive period, which are as the legacy of those pioneers, continue to enrich and embellish the grand domain of narrative and the limitless field of a nobler literature, until they shall become embodied in more enduring form, as another outflow of the Pactolian stream, confluent with the imperishable volumes of Clío's dominion.

JAMES O'MEARA.

TOO LATE.

Now that her eyes are hid in death's eclipse,
We give her tears and smiles; now that the crown
Of God's great love is hers, we bow us down,
And press our small love's sign upon her lips.

We bring her beauty; weary, unblest hours
Were hers; now that from out her gloom
She hath passed on to fields of fadeless bloom,
We come and bring our little gift of flowers.

We give her praise; now that she doth not heed,
So great her peace, what any lips can say,
We come and speak the praise above her clay,
That we denied her in her sorest need.

If, as some deem, the spirit lingers near
Its empty house a while, I think she must
Wonder to find her soul-deserted dust
Grown suddenly so very strangely dear.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

THALOE.

CHAPTER IX.

PAUSING for a moment at the doorway, and gazing intently around to ascertain whether those whom he required were present, the messenger advanced and held a whispered conversation with the Tribune Balbus; then departed as silently as he had come; while Balbus, turning towards the other, said:

"An unpleasant interruption, and yet one that could not be avoided. I wish that it were otherwise, but there is one whose word is stronger than mine. You, Cleon, and myself are desired immediately at the Cæsar's villa. Some tidings of importance have arrived, of what nature has not been explained to me. But it matters little, since, whatever it may be, we must none the less take our departure."

With that he arose and gathered the folds of his tunic into ceremonious array. Cleon did the same; and then the two—enemies, indeed, but none the less obliged to stifle their mutual animosity with the knowledge that they were summoned upon some common service—left the apartment side by side, and passed forth into the open air.

Whatever news had arrived, it was evident from the appearance of the street that no inkling of it had yet been suffered to escape and circulate about the town, for no change was noticeable in the conduct or demeanor of the citizens. About the court-yard of the house where the feast was being given the expectant crowd still lingered—increased in size, as the hour had now nearly arrived for the public distribution of the fragments among the needy, or for the appearance of departing guests to amuse the eyes of the curious. The twenty spectators had grown to nearly fifty—all equally straining their gaze to catch the slightest glimpse that

might be presented of the festivities within, and bandying jests from mouth to mouth, as each chance incident furnished a subject for mirth. Farther down, the principal street had, as usual, filled with its customary life and animation; for the hours of the afternoon had worn on, and already the sun was half-way down its western slope. There were the beggars at their posts, the gladiators drinking and gaming before the wine shops, the citizens sauntering to and from the baths, the patricians passing back and forth on horseback or in their chariots, the ladies lolling upon their balconies and lazily watching the shifting panorama—gayety and pleasure everywhere rife as usual, without a line of care or a troubled thought upon any face, or a sign of disturbance amid any of the surging groups.

As Cleon and the tribune, still walking side by side, and with gruff unsociability exchanging only the most ordinary remarks, reached the court of the imperial villa, there appeared some slight evidence of an awakening excitement: not yet, however, among all who crowded those precincts. The slaves, as usual, sat or lay at full length in unmoved idleness, thoughtless and indifferent, being gifted with no very acute perceptions, and unaccustomed to derive suspicions from any casual observation of others. Also, the soldiers of the Pretorian Guard in attendance manifested the same stolid listlessness as they stood at their posts: rough, scarred, and bronzed in feature, and unreflecting in expression, except one or two of the more naturally observant, who, glancing askance at those approaching, seemed impressed with a dim, indefinable perception that something more than usual was happening.

But among the few officers upon active duty there was already the glimmer of an anxious look; an uneasy expectation

of something, they knew not what, which would soon break upon them; a feeling that the whole mystery, whatever it might be, would presently be revealed to them; a slight, unconscious caressing of their arms, as from an instinct that the time for actual service was at hand;—something, indeed, about their whole appearance indicative of an unexplainable but none the less well-assured impression that there was some kind of stern work before them. To one of these Cleon and the tribune advanced, desiring to question the man, and thus gain an inkling of the true nature of the case before standing in the emperor's presence; but the messenger, who from the baths had walked in front of them, as though to hurry their attendance, still moved forward, impatient of delay; and so, passing on without pause, they followed him into an inner court.

This was the antechamber of Nero's audience room; and, unlike the rough stone outer court, was decorated and furnished with a degree of elegance befitting the approach to the imperial presence. The walls were of smooth and polished marble, terminating in an arched and paneled ceiling; the floor was laid in a rich tessellated pattern; and in the corners stood statues of merit. The throng which filled it was of a different character from that of the other. No soldiers lounged about or slept on stone benches, there being but two guards present, who, with erect and vigilant position, flanked the door leading into the audience chamber. There were no slaves here, except three or four of the more favored class of menials, whose dress, though of the servile order, was richer than that of an ordinary citizen; and whose mien was proud and arrogant from the long exercise of permitted tyranny over their inferiors.

The rest of those present were a few court pages, and a small concourse of persons who had direct business with Nero: some of whom had dared to penetrate thus far with petitions for justice or favor, and now stood eagerly expectant, yet dreading

the moment of their admission; while others—citizens, artists, and actors—were bringing for his inspection treasures or schemes of pleasure which had been already ordered. Among these, as among a few of those outside, was apparent the same weary, undefinable feeling of some unusual crisis at hand, manifested in the disturbed looks which they cast from one to another, and the eager scrutiny with which they gazed upon the features of each person who emerged from the audience chamber, as hoping thereby to gain a clew to the mystery which their instincts rather than their reason told them was hovering over them. A few, even, repelled and disheartened by their fears, and deeming this no proper time to advance their prospects, gathered up their rare and curious articles, or hid their petitions in their bosoms, preparatory to leaving the scene and trusting to a better day for success; and in doing so they brought down upon themselves the swift ridicule of the pantomimist Agotas, who was present with his bag of masks.

"Are you so faint-hearted," he muttered to a group of those who stood near, "as to retire from the goal when it is so nearly reached? Is it so easy to pass through the guards below that you must now relinquish your labor and look to renew it another day? Well, it may be the right course for you, after all. I know that some of you have come hither uninvited, and it must be no pleasant thing to bring petitions to the Cæsar, even when the sun smiles upon him: much less when he gets up with his sword between his teeth. But as for me, all days are alike. He has sent for me that I may receive his conception of a new pantomime, to be arranged for the coming month; and I, in turn, have a new mask to exhibit to him. There is none here whom he would prefer to see before me. Therefore will I now stay, though the gods should send all the furies of Tartarus into his soul; for, whatever he may do to others, I know that he will surely smile upon me."

But at that moment the door from the audience chamber opened, and a page emerged, whimpering and holding his hand to the

side of his face. The lion within the other room, irritated and lashed into a fury, had taken offense at some innocent action of the boy, and had brought a heavy hand upon him for a passing admonition. As the pantomimist gazed at the page's reddened cheek, his own face turned pale, and he gasped for breath, and cast an uneasy glance upon the bag of masks.

"Yes, he will see me when and where I choose, and will smile upon me, whatever he may do to others," Agotas continued, endeavoring to control his waning composure. "But yet it is perhaps better that I should not intrude upon the Cæsar when he has other cares. All times are alike to me; while he, with his public pursuits, cannot always call an hour his own; I must be generous, therefore, and suit myself to his discretion; and will now depart, in order that he may not think I am too urgent with my friendship."

With that he bestowed an angry cuff upon his slave, who, evidently understanding the well-known signal, lifted the bag and made towards the door, whither his master followed him, affecting indifference to the audible sneers with which those who still tarried marked their appreciation of the scene. And at that moment, Cleon and the tribune appearing, the guards at the entrance to the audience chamber, in obedience to a whisper from the messenger, stepped aside, and the three passed through into the Cæsar's presence.

He had been feasting; for his face was flushed with wine, and there were stains of viands upon the front of his tunic. He had evidently been interrupted in the midst of his banquet; for the hour had not yet come at which it was customary for him to leave the table. The news which had been brought to him had driven him staggering into the audience chamber; and he now sat, with bleared and somewhat confused look, awaiting those for whom he had sent.

Gazing upon him as he now leaned forward, his features bloated and discolored with long-continued excesses, and a wicked expression of cowardly suspicion and cruel arrogance stamped upon them, there were few

who could have recognized in him the well-formed youth who, a few years before, had lifted the imperial reins—graceful, cultivated, and ingratiating in manner, with a character seemingly formed upon a basis of humanity and self-respect; loving pleasure rather for its æsthetic than for its sensual qualities, the lithe and active victor in the arena, the man whose accession the empire had applauded, looking to him with an assured hope of relief from the customary tyranny of the past. Now self-indulgence and the fate which had impelled each member of his family in turn to speedy decadence had changed all that. The youthful beauty of figure and feature, and the natural dignity of mien, had vanished. Gone, too, was the admiring respect with which those about him had once looked upon him. They now stood around in mute terror and disgust, as men who perform by compulsion a dreaded and hateful task: shielding themselves as much as possible from his observation, and yet alert to do his bidding at the slightest sign, lest through an instant's delay sudden and violent retribution might fall upon them.

One slave stood at his right hand with a pitcher of wine, from which to fill the goblet upon which the Emperor had maintained his grasp when hurrying into the audience chamber. The goblet now rested upon the table in front. Twice Nero had emptied it since he had come into the room, and again was it filled to the brim, to await his pleasure. And once more he raised it to his lips; but this time replaced it after a single sip, as though, at last, his capacity was exhausted; and then he stole a cautious, suspicious glance out of the open window at his left hand.

The window looked upon the open court of the palace, from which stole upward the low hum of conversation among the soldiers there gathered, mingled with an occasional loud laugh at some telling jest or repartee. Perhaps Nero had been wont to choose this location for the purpose of listening to these chance remarks, and thus gaining an inkling of the sentiments of

the lower orders, so as the more cunningly to shape his policy. But now he looked not into the court below, but rather fastened his gaze upon the more distant hill-tops, with an apprehensive expression, as though he would pierce into the distance, and watch the progress of some threatened danger.

"You have come at last," he exclaimed in a tone of loud reproof, as Cleon and the tribune entered. "Was your time spent so pleasantly that you could not earlier heed my commands?"

"We came at once—the instant we learned your wishes," was the calm answer of the Tribune Balbus, a little disturbed and angry at a salutation whose roughness could not be justified except by some unusual exigency. "What now can we do for your pleasure or for your safety? You have but to speak, and it shall be performed."

"And you have not heard?" cried Nero. "My messenger has not told you as he came along that one of my legions has been defeated—driven by a rabble of slaves and Nazarenes—and the Roman arms dishonored? Nay; it was right that he should not have told you, but rather should have left it for me to say. And it is so! By the gods! the thing is true; and the empire has been disgraced! Will you hear it all? Stand forth, sirrah, and repeat the story you have told to me!"

At his beck the person whom he thus addressed came forward from the center of a group of attendants. He was a man of middle age, with the dress and insignia of a centurion; wrinkled and grizzled in feature through much hard service, and now worn and travel-stained with recent exertion. And, standing in the front, he narrated once more his tale, in a quiet, unobtrusive, and unexcited tone, like one who, having had defeat mingled with victory before now, regarded the present disaster with but little concern, since it might one day be counterbalanced with new successes.

It was a short story, but not a pleasant one for an emperor to hear. Tidings of resistance among the Christians to persecution had recently reached Rome. Those men, generally so ready to offer their necks to the

knife, had for once broken out into open revolt. What might have been the especial instigation to it could not be told; but none the less was it a fact that a few hundred men of that faith had armed themselves for the purpose of defying the law. To that center of revolt there had hurried, as was natural, many fugitive, discontented slaves, who, being received gladly by reason of their strength and desperation, had thus swelled the ranks to an alarming number. And at once the legion in which the informant had commanded a cohort had been dispatched, under Lejanus, to put down that rising by force of arms.

The legion had marched out of Rome in high spirits, for an easy victory could surely be anticipated over such a disorderly rabble. At the most, a few days would doubtless suffice for its complete extermination, and then the victors would return loaded with booty. For it was whispered that some of the slaves had borne off in their flight much jewels and gold of their masters, which would of course become the prey of the conquerors. So the Roman force had departed on the pursuit gayly, and as though to a festival.

But it happened that the insurgents were commanded by some one of superior ability, and sufficiently well acquainted with the arts of war to maintain a severe and proper discipline among them; and so, little by little, the pursuers had been foiled in every effort to bring on a general engagement, and had been cunningly drawn on and on, until near Capua. There the insurgents had made a stand; and having the choice of position, and moreover having been largely reinforced during the march by other fugitives, had succeeded, by a sudden onset, in utterly defeating Lejanus. It was the cohort of Motus which had first given way, and led to the rout of the others. Many of the Roman force had been slain, and the rest driven back. Lejanus himself, feeling the disgrace, had cast himself upon his own sword before leaving the battle-field; and the lieutenant Motus had been cut to pieces, so that there were none now living

who could be blamed or punished for the disaster.

After the defeat, the broken fragments of the imperial force had fallen back toward Rome. The informant himself had been left on the field for dead, having been stunned by a spent blow from a battle-ax; and upon recovering his senses, finding that his own men were already too far off to be overtaken by him, he had cautiously crept off, and taking a stray horse, had hurried down to Baïæ to bring the earliest news.

"And where now are the insurgents?"

How, indeed, could he tell? When he stole away, they were scattered over the battle-field, gathering up the spoils and arms. But it was not likely that they would remain there long. To delay was to be lost. Nor could they return on the road toward Rome. Most probably they were already in motion towards the south, in search of some place where they could make a better stand, and by gaining reinforcements among the slaves, abide the issue.

As Nero heard his supposition he became pale and again sought the wine cup, and his eye once more and with stealthy glance, as though he feared self-betrayal of his thoughts, wandered towards the distant hill-tops. For how long might it be before the insurgents, athirst for the blood of their oppressors, would appear and rush with dreadful and vindictive yells down those slopes? Might not the wild career of Spartacus be about to be re-enacted, and with better success? That man had made the nation rock wildly in the tempest of rebellion and wrath; might not the throne itself now fall beneath an effort led with equal power, and with better regard for the experiences of the past? It was no pleasant thought; and as all the complications and possibilities of the situation arrayed themselves before the emperor's mind, a dark cloud as of despair swept across his features.

But in a moment he recovered himself, and by a violent effort re-asserted something of his native dignity. Even though the throne itself should totter, it was not fit that he who sat upon it should show fear: still

less that those who now stood about him should note anything that might detract from the majesty of the imperial presence. And raising his head, something of the old grandeur of demeanor came over him, almost obliterating for the moment the lines of sensuality and cruelty which the progress of the past few years had so deeply engraved upon him.

"Let all now retire," he said, waving his hand, "excepting these two for whom I have sent."

Thereupon, one by one, in obedience to the gesture, the attendants filed out of the apartment, all secretly pleased to be thus released, and none looking back, for fear of seeing some motion of recall; and so in a moment only Cleon and the tribune were left behind, standing side by side in front, and awaiting orders.

"Tell me now," said Nero, after a moment's pause, "whichever of you can do so, how many legionaries have we at hand who can be relied upon?"

Both of them could tell; but, as the oldest, Balbus was left to answer, and did so with soldierly distinctness. There were first the Pretorian Guard, all well trained and trusty men, as long as their pay was properly distributed. But these men should not be taken away from the palace for such an emergency as this; not, at least, except as a last resource. At Neapolis, Pompeii, and Sorrentum were other soldiers of the imperial army, who could be collected in a few hours, and together would make up the number of nearly a full legion. In addition to these, twice as many more could be gathered from a greater distance within a week. These certainly should be sufficient to destroy a much larger force of the enemy than could well be mustered from such base material as composed it.

"It is well," said Nero, having listened attentively to the recapitulation, still maintaining his newly found dignity, none the less that the business-like calculations of the tribune had re-assured him. "Let this, therefore, constitute our plan. To you, Cleon, I had purposed giving the command

of a legion as soon as an opportunity arose. The time has now come To-morrow, at early daylight, you will start from here, with such material of men as by that time can be collected together. Without delay you will pursue the enemy and cut them to pieces. But be not too rashly daring; rather be guarded, lest by attempting overmuch with too small a force you meet the fate of Lejanus. If not able to rout them with assured success, follow, and keep them in view, harassing them as you may find opportunity, until the Tribune Balbus can come to your assistance. He, in the mean while, will have remained in Baïæ, gathering up another force; and if he should be needed he will follow you, and take the command of both legions. Go, therefore, knowing now your duty. Be brave, be active, be vigilant. And if success attends you, spare not," continued Nero, his voice rising into loud anger, and the old cruel look again flashing across his face. "Spare not, I say, one man among them. Let their fate be a warning to all slaves throughout the empire, that the Roman might cannot be insulted; and that though by an accident rebellion may prevail, it can be only for a season, so soon thereafter will come the swift and more thorough retribution."

He ceased; and the two listeners turned to depart. The word had gone forth, and there was nothing for them to reply. So they moved away: the tribune with his customary soldier-like indifference to the nature of his orders, as long as his duty did not extend beyond obeying; and Cleon with a forced assumption of the same composure upon his face, but a consuming fire all the while eating into his heart. The day had come at last—the day so long hoped for, and so often despaired of being reached at all. At last there was placed within his grasp the object of his ambition; and he stood the commander of a legion. A few hours ago he would have hailed the commission with wild joy, as though in giving it the gods had shown him signal favor and justice. Yet now it seemed as though it had been cast upon him rather by an evil-minded fate than by Olympian grace.

Some of these men against whom he was thus sent out with unsparing fire and sword were slaves; and this was doubtless the force to which Alypia's fugitive charioteer had been traced. That man could now be slain, and Olympia be avenged. So far it was good. But on the other hand, they were not all slaves. Among them there were many belonging to the Christian faith. And though Cleon might have cared but little about that in itself, how could he forget that it was the faith of Thaloe? Might not many of these men even be known to her? How, then, could he slay them and not incur her resentment and her scorn? Nay; did not his love for her put him in a sort of sympathy with them, so that not only for her sake, but by reason of his own awakening compassion, he would have wished to spare them?

The slaves—they of a certainty should die. But as for the others—what now could he do? Should he go on and accept the offered post? Or should he yield to the impulse which beset him, urging him to return, cast off his honorable preferments, avow his secret sympathies, and as a reward for his past services, ask mercy for the least guilty of those whom he had been ordered to destroy?

All this, indeed, he could not do. But there was a middle course which he might try. And turning upon his heel, ere he had reached the door, he stood once more before Nero.

"Are all, without discrimination, to be slain?" he inquired, in a tone of unconscious entreaty and pity. "They may not all be equally guilty. There may be some who repent them of their fault, and to these—"

"Why, how now?" cried the emperor in amazement, half rising from his seat, while the tribune bent forward with a sly, wondering, contemptuous, and envious glance written on his usually stolid face. "Can it be that you of all men should ask mercy for a band of disobedient disturbers—slaves and assassins—who would scarcely venture to grovel at your feet? In truth, and by the gods, I understand it not."

So speaking, he gave utterance to a laugh, to which the tribune responded with a low, malicious chuckle, eyeing Cleon curiously the while. And Cleon perceived in an instant his own mistake in having so spoken, recognizing of how little avail would be any entreaty which he might make, and how he was only exposing himself to ridicule and suspicion. Not only, indeed, would his efforts be useless, but by any further persistence, he might endanger his own secret. Therefore he hastened to withdraw his interrupted plea, and to turn the word into another channel.

"Nay, I meant not to ask mercy for them," he said, "but rather consideration for those who may have a claim upon them. It may be that among these insurgents there are some misguided ones, who have not erred unto death, and would be well pleased to return to faithful allegiance. Would it not be well to have these men taken alive, so as to become once more the well-wishers and supporters of the empire?"

"Let none be taken alive!" thundered Nero, now fully arising in the excitement and deep provocation of his wrath, and with heedless aim hurling the half-emptied goblet far from him. Bloated and discolored though he was in face from long indulgences, disordered and wine-stained in dress, and with his whole frame so palsied with too liberal excesses that he was obliged to seek support from his nearest attendant to keep himself from tottering, there was now a peculiar gleam of real majesty in his mien—something of the olden king-like expression in the sudden lighting of his eye, as well as in the nervous grasp with which he drew the folds of his toga closely about him—a rekindling, as it were, of the Jove-like fire with which in other days he could flash his anger around. "By the gods, I swear it! not one of them must be taken alive! There are none among them who deserve either pity or consideration! Let, therefore, all be put to death upon the spot—all who are found in their camp—whether with or without arms in their hands! Your own life shall answer for it, if I be disobeyed! The world, to the very

uttermost province, shall hear the story of this thing and of our vengeance; so that in future every slave and Nazarene in the empire shall tremble as he thinks upon it, and shall hug his allegiance to the state the closer as his only safety. And yet stay!" continued Nero, struck with a sudden new thought, and the cruel lines deepening in his face, and mingling with a certain fiendish expression of gloating anticipation. "It may be that you should save one life. This man who leads the band, whoever he may be, can hardly be accounted an enemy to be overlooked or treated like the others. He is doubtless of giant proportion and Herculean muscle, else he could not so ably control the rest. Let him, therefore, be taken alive, if possible, in order that tigers of the arena may give their account of him, and in our presence our own household slaves may look on and learn a lesson from his dissevered limbs."

CHAPTER X.

The interview was at an end; and the two men, retiring from before Nero, passed side by side through the doorway and antechamber, until they reached the outer court. There they separated, each to repair to his own quarters and get ready for the events of the ensuing day. But as Cleon turned aside, he felt a light touch upon his shoulder, and saw the smiling face of Alypia's favorite attendant.

"My mistress is in her apartment, and would see you," the girl whispered; and as though nothing more need be said, she immediately tripped away with blithesome step, leaving Cleon to follow at his leisure. For a moment he paused in deep reflection.

It was a summons which a month ago would have made his heart throb with delight and his cheek flush with pleasant anticipation, and which no pains or penalties could have tempted him to neglect; but now he almost hesitated to give compliance. For, knowing at last that the old love had worn out from his heart, and that another

love had entered in its place, he felt fearful lest in the very first few moments of the interview any disguise of affection which he could still assume would be penetrated by those keen black eyes into which he had so loved to gaze, and that his recreancy would be thus exposed without excuse or palliation. And more than all he feared that Alypia might have gained some glimmering knowledge of the late conversation at the bath, and so have learned to suspect the hidden rivalry. Those words had been spoken only a few minutes before, to be sure, but attendant slaves had been present, who had listened to each unguarded remark or admission; and how could he tell how soon one of these might have repeated the whole scene with the usual exaggerations to others, who in turn would not be sparing of bringing the news to such a watchful mistress?

And yet, why falter now? Some time or other she would be sure to learn the truth. Better that he should at once face the danger, and either boldly confront her present scorn and anger, or, if her ignorance of his indiscretion still continued, endeavor with artful compliments and suggestions to turn aside all fear of the coming storm. At the worst, it was not a man's part to quail before the rage of a jealous girl. Therefore, hastily mustering up all his resolution, he turned about, and with a firm tread followed the retreating waiting-maid into her mistress's presence.

Alypia sat in her accustomed place at the end of her tapestried chamber and near the open window. It had grown darker within the past few minutes, and the lamps upon the tall candelabrum which stood at her right hand were lighted, casting a fitful gleam into the remote corners of the room, where the shadows danced to and fro as the bronze vessels swung at the ends of their chains, responsive to the evening breeze. She had been working at some fine embroidery suitable to the taste of the period, but at the lapse of daylight had discontinued the task, and the velvet material had fallen at her feet in a confused mass. As Cleon

entered, she arose and stepped forward to meet him with ready welcome; and he also advanced, counterfeiting as well as he was able the olden cheerful smile, but at heart disturbed, and gazing stealthily at her from the corner of his eyes, in search of some indication of her present temper by which to arrange and conform his own demeanor. Knowing all, as she possibly might, would her jealous anger burst upon him with sudden violence, bearing him down before it, and those bright eyes, which had so often been fastened upon him with melting tenderness, now blaze with a fiery, scorching fury? Or would she freeze him with cold disdain, pouring out her contempt and sarcasm; and returning his tarnished troth, bid him leave her alone and go forth in search of his Christian damsel?

Almost at once he felt re-assured. It was evident that she had heard nothing, or hearing had listened as to some foolish fable, maintaining unwavering trust in him. Her brow was as clear, her glance as welcoming, her whole expression as genial and sunny as ever before. Perhaps for an instant he fancied that he noticed a sudden sharp gleam in the corner of her eye; but if so, it came and passed away like the lightning flash, hardly recognized before it was gone, imparting but a vague, unsatisfactory impression of having existed at all, and leaving no trace upon the more constant glow of pleasant serenity which illumined her features. No, it must have been his own guilty imagination which gave birth to that suspicion of an evil glance; there was nothing wrong in her heart, as yet. And taking her by the hand he led her back to her seat, with his most gallant assumption of the old affection; and then, feeling that his trouble of mind had palsied some of his usual ready wit of conversation, he waited for her to speak.

"Is it true, Cleon, that insurgents have defeated a Roman force, and that you are sent out to chastise and drive them back?"

"How know you that?" he said, somewhat amazed at the correctness of her information. "It is but just now that I have left

Nero's presence, and there for the first time has this matter been discussed."

"It is easy for me to learn such things as I desire to be informed about, and there are many who are not slow to bring me news of whatever I would interest myself in," she responded; and Cleon started, for it seemed to him as though she now spoke with meaning emphasis, referring to other matters than such as had transpired in the audience chamber. Nor did he feel altogether reassured by her added words of explanation, natural as they seemed.

"But be not surprised, Cleon, at my knowledge of these facts. To some of us, the issue of the battle with the insurgents was known almost as soon as it came to Nero's ears; and it was at once predicted that you, as the bravest of the Roman leaders, would be dispatched to the succor of the nation. And when I heard that you had been sent for, was it divination that I should believe in your promotion? And now I am both proud that you have been so honored and loth to have you leave me."

As she spoke, her hand rested with the usual affectionate pressure upon his hair; and he, yielding to the impulse, knelt in the old lover-like attitude at her feet, seeking there to renew the feeling with which he had been wont to regard her. Would that he could still do so, and with a single confession could relieve himself from the weight that oppressed him! But it was not to be. Every moment he felt more and more that his affection for her had passed from him; and kind and tender as her manner might be, and winning her glance, somehow there was not now upon her face the olden look which could compel his confidence, nor in his own heart the power to offer it.

"Have I judged rightly?" she continued. "Is it true that you have been selected to march against the enemy?"

"It is true. I go to-morrow—at the break of day," he answered; "with as large a force as can be hurriedly collected together—a full legion, if possible."

"To-morrow—so soon?" she said half musingly, and still carelessly passing her

hand over his curling hair. And as he looked up into her face, he felt himself no longer able to recognize the affectionate action with any secret pleasure, as would surely have been the case of old; but rather disregarding it, even suffering his mind to run into idle speculations, as with cool scrutiny he sought to analyze her thoughts and impulses. Of what was she now thinking? Would she feel sorrow at parting with him, and fear lest misfortune might befall him? Or, cruelly alive to her own pleasure, would she still, as ever before, look forward only to the pomps and turmoil of the arena, more especially that the time had come when he might so easily be the caterer for her tastes? For she could not but know that now had come that opportunity which she had so much desired. Her charioteer, if not already slain, must still be in the insurgent camp, and might therefore soon again fall into her hands and feel her vengeance. It was as though the gods themselves had managed it. Thoughts like these could not fail to present themselves to her mind, so natural was the current of sequences; and each moment he expected to hear her break out into her old train of fierce and fiery anticipation: listening for it with fear, even; for though he knew that he loved her no longer, and might never again do so unless he could remove from his mind that other too absorbing influence; yet, for the sake of past days, he did not wish to learn to nourish hatred of her, and he felt that he could not fail to do so if in that moment of parting she gave no tender thought to his own peril. For there might be great peril in his expedition. Might not he as well as Lejanus suffer defeat, and be obliged in like manner to atone for the disgrace by falling upon his own sword on the new battle-field?

He was wrong in his expectations. Perhaps she was less selfish in her impulses than he had supposed; perhaps she had observed and comprehended his keen scrutiny, and had fortified her spirit against self-betrayal. For none of the old fierce glow of anticipated strife and carnage now flashed in her face, but her expression was rather

softened into one of still more loving solicitude.

"A few days ago, Cleon, I would have thought only about the vengeance which is due to me," she said. "But now that you are going from me, I can dwell only upon your own danger. That you should come back to me in safety is all I ask. That you should keep out of peril, I cannot supplicate, for it is not a soldier's part to refuse his duty. But that you will not unnecessarily expose your life in doing what should be left to the hirelings of the legion rather than to its leader—is this too much for me to crave? Take, therefore, a proper care over yourself; and while showing your valor, do not be too impulsive, but rather carry with you the remembrance that my own life and happiness rest upon your own. And as for those whom you are ordered to destroy, I will think no more about them. They must die: so let it be. I regard not now the time or manner of it. So that you return to me safe and unharmed, I care not whether you come alone or with trains of captives."

For an instant Cleon gazed at her in a maze of wonderment. Of a certainty these were unaccustomed words to come from her lips. Were they the true outpourings of a heart driven by great emotion from an enforced shelter of selfishness, and now at last standing revealed in its true proportions of real unaffected nobility? Or were they a more cunning manifestation of deceit than any yet displayed by her? That could hardly be: the tones were so marked with the lines of sincerity and truth. It was almost as though she had taken a new character—as if Thaloe herself had spoken. A little more of this, and who could tell if, after all, the old love might not come bounding back to his heart, never again to suffer misconstruction or pass away.

"You are silent, Cleon?"

"What can I say, Alypia? This is all so unreal," he responded. "These words of affection, they have not hitherto been unknown to me; but I had expected to hear them mingled with other words. I had supposed that while speaking of my safety you would

demand of me a strict attention to the spoils of war: the gathering in of prisoners, the reservation of the strongest men of the enemy for the arena, and sharp vengeance against those who might not be fit to be saved for future fight. And now, unlike your usual self, you are all softness and mercy, and seem to speak even with compassion about those whom I am ordered to destroy. Were you to be always thus disposed, Alypia, it might be that—"

"What then? For you do not continue. Do you mean that if I were always thus, you might love me better? Nay; this you cannot intend; for I know already that you have never failed in your love for me. Well, let that pass. I am soft and compassionate now, perhaps, because I can think only of your danger, and it drives all other speculations from my mind. I do not pretend that I am altogether of a gentle disposition. When you have returned to me in safety, it may be that I will again become as of old, vain and giddy, and loving overmuch those pastimes which come from the miseries or crimes of others, and which we Roman women have been trained to love. What would you have? It is my nature, and as such you should approve it. But now, farewell. I will not keep you longer; for I know that this night you have much to do. May the gods preserve you from all danger! And if, while you are gone, there is anything that I can do—any being for whom you care, and whom you would save from harm, be it slave or dog, or any other thing—tell me, and I will watch well over it."

Something in her voice sounding harshly through her otherwise silvery tones, something in her countenance gleaming craftily across her otherwise serene and tender expression, assured him that she knew all, and that she spoke not merely of dog or slave, or any such lowly being, but that she was at last opening for him the door for confession. Holding it open with a predetermined purpose, to see whether he would seize the opportunity, and throw himself upon her discretion; or, on the contrary, neglect the offered chance, and departing with a belief

in her ignorance, leave her with her suspicions all confirmed. He rose to his feet, not impulsively, as though shocked into sudden action, but deliberately, as one who felt that he must meet a struggle of craft with craft. In spite of all he could do to prevent, a slight frown came across his features. This, then, had been the purpose of all her kindness and solicitude. She had been trifling with him, and making this show of affection with no other intent than to throw him off his guard, and compel him into dangerous admissions.

"You know it, then?" he exclaimed, almost harshly. "You have heard the silly gossip of a few men around a festive table—the unmeaning bantering of wine-beclouded revelers? and you would attach importance to their few jesting remarks?"

"Was there no truth in it at all, then, Cleon? This story of some Christian girl, to whom you have given, if not your heart, at least your longing glances—is all that untrue?"

Was it all untrue? Nay, he could not say so, for it was evident that, whatever her sources of information, she had learned too much to be thus easily deceived. How much, indeed, did she already know? He could not tell; but he felt that in spite of his own natural leaning to truth, he must wander yet farther down the path of misconception which the fates had opened before him. Not only his own secret was involved, but probably the bodily safety of another person, already so dear to him.

"A grain of truth," he said, with a laugh. "There was a young girl—a Christian, I believe—whom I had seen, and for a moment passingly spoken about. I did not dream that my idle words would ever be repeated with serious intent. If so, it were ill ever to speak at a feast again. But the clamor of curiously inclined companions was about me, and the wine was in, and it may be that I boastfully said more than I meant or had a right to utter."

"Then you had seen her; but not as yet spoken with her?"

"Nay, as to that I cannot say but that I have sometime even spoken with her. For

encountering her in my homeward route, it was but natural to stop and address to her a careless word or two before I passed on. And I was perhaps moved thereto by seeing how unprotected and alone she appeared, and feeling that it was not right she should have no counsel to guard her safety better. Was this an offense?"

"Truly not," Alypia responded, with a dubious smile. "And see how little a matter it is when fully explained. They had falsely asserted that you had spoken about her in such terms that the love in your heart seemed to mount up into your face, as though anxious to emblazon itself to the world; and that you had defended her with loud and excited speech, appearing to challenge the interference of others, and resenting the most innocent jest about her. And I felt that I would not wish that you should even seem to love another better than myself. Still I was not uneasy in my heart, Cleon. However it might appear to others, I knew very well that if you were ever false to me, it would be as a noble Roman should be false—with some one worthy of his rank, and not with a lowly, ignorant girl of a despised and base-born race."

He should have kept silence then, for he knew not how much of the truth she had really heard, and it might be that the few words of careless extenuation which he had uttered had been sufficient to divert any grave suspicion from her mind. Let her but believe that his whole fault had consisted in holding an occasional chance word of greeting with some poor abased creature with whom no one would care to cultivate any more intimate association, and his justification would have been complete. But with his heart full of loyalty to Thaloe, he could not bear to have her spoken about in disparaging terms, even though it was for his own exculpation; and the impulse to defend her came upon him too strong to be resisted.

"Nay, Alypia, she is scarcely the ignorant and base-born person whom you imagine to yourself: the reverse of that, rather. I know that most generally these Christians are a lowly, slavish sect, pandering to the

passions and prejudices of the discontented, and swelling their ranks from such as can hope in no other way to rise into importance or influence. But they are not all so, for there are some who for their faith have given up all that even we could give up; and of these this person seems to be one. I know that she is of fair descent; for not only has she told me so, but her actions and language both testify to her ancestral culture. And that she is not moving in poverty or degradation, the place wherein she resides affords ample witness. It is a fair place, indeed, surrounded with evidences of taste and beauty and some wealth."

"Is it so, indeed?" Alypia responded; and as she spoke her eyes began to gleam with a strange wild light, and her lips to curl at the corners as with one who had at last detected a prey long watched for, and now for the first time revealed. He did not perceive her expression, for he was looking down upon her jeweled hand, carelessly twining his fingers in hers, while he made his foolish defense. "And the maiden herself—is she very beautiful? It must be so, for I cannot believe that one of such acknowledged taste as yourself should be even idly attracted by a repulsive or even plain exterior."

"She is not uncomely, perhaps," Cleon answered, impelled now not only to defend the reputation of Thaloe's charms, but also his own taste in having been attracted by them. And there could surely be no harm now in speaking as he did, for Alypia was so soft and gentle in her utterances. The threatened storm must certainly have passed away, she seemed to show so plainly that her confidence in him was re-established, and that she would no longer take umbrage at the story of a few careless words whispered to another. "Yes, she is not uncomely—this Christian girl; and there might be some who would even find beauty in her: not the beauty of feature, perhaps, so much as of expression. Nor might it at the first be very obvious. It is only after a while, when her confidence is gained and her diffidence dispelled, that one can realize the inner charm of soul which spreads across

her face, and gives that life and animation which constitute real beauty."

"And this, then, is her charm, Cleon? And it is only after a fair acquaintance and many interviews that it makes itself appear? And yet you, in a few fleeting moments, have detected it."

There was a mocking ring in her voice which made him look up, and he remained aghast at the expression of her face. The wild light blazing in her eyes, the contemptuous curl of her lips—all signaled to him the imprudence of his speech and the ungovernable demon which he had foolishly aroused. He cursed himself in his heart; and knowing that he could not now withdraw his rashly spoken words, stood still holding her hand and looking into her face, while he awaited the outburst of the storm which now must surely come. But still it was delayed.

"This is in truth a rare prodigy which you have found, Cleon," she continued, again softening her expression into one of quiet, unsuspecting complacency; though now she could not control the mockery of tone which ran like a brazen thread through her otherwise silvery voice; "and it is not well that she should be exposed to injury. None know better than yourself how easily one of her faith can be given up to persecution, and how little protection from it can be found in grace or beauty or wealth. Nay, these very qualities might lead to the doom of the fagot or the arena, since they only raise their possessor into plainer sight. And apart from such a danger, is there not the further wish that she may become the prey of some of those reckless men with whom you have feasted this day, and to whom you have pointed out the existence of so much beauty? From either of these dangers she should be shielded. Let that be my task, to be entered into while you are gone, and for your sake, who would not have her injured. There are some who would blame me, and say that I should rather be jealous of her. But knowing your love for me, Cleon, I cannot surely believe that you would cherish for her anything but friendship, could I? And are not your friends equally my own, to be

assisted and esteemed with all my power? Tell me, therefore, where she can be found, so that while you are away I can set a guard about her, and save her from harm of every kind."

What now, alas! could Cleon say or do? He knew that his own unguarded words had led him into the net, and that its toils were surely being drawn about him. He realized that in the speech of Alypia there was purposed deceit, and in her heart cruel treachery and malice. Yet not to respond readily to her would be only another symptom of weakness upon his part. To hesitate was to be lost, indeed: for it would only strengthen her suspicion, if there was any room for strengthening left; and the residence of Thaloë could be so easily found by any one interested in the search that no reticence of his could avail to hide her. He could only now plunge recklessly forward in the path of confession, and trust for relief to the blind chances of the future.

"She lives up the street leading from the Bath of Augustus to the Temple of Venus, where the path turns to the left. A small but well-adorned house, with a marble vase before the portico, and a garden of pear and cherry trees behind. You will not harm her, Alypia? She is only a young girl, timid and inoffensive, and is as far below your notice as you are above her rivalry. Do not visit anger upon her for a few heedless, inconsidered speeches of my own."

"Harm her, Cleon? Injure a friend of

yours, thus freely committed to my care? You shall see when you return how zealously I shall have guarded her," and still more the baneful light sparkled in her eyes. "But enough of that. The evening wanes away; and as I have already said, you have much to employ your time. Farewell, therefore. Return to me unharmed. There is none who will think upon you while you are gone as lovingly as Alypia."

She stretched forth her hands, and Cleon, as had been his custom, took her into his arms and pressed her to his heart; while she, with one hand thrown over his shoulder, placed her head upon his breast and looked up into his face with eyes into which was concentrated all her most melting tenderness of soul. For a moment he thus held her, not daring at once to release her, lest she should thereby the sooner suspect his perfidy, but almost shrinking from her with repugnance. Wherein was she now different from what she had been a few days ago, when he had been wont to count the hours in wearisome sequence as he looked forward to the time when he could thus hold her to his heart for a single instant? The swelling form, the melting eyes, the clustering locks—all were there; but now, as he looked upon her, he felt that he saw beyond all these, and into a soul filled with jealousy, selfishness, and deceit. For one short moment he endured the enforced embrace; and then pressing the usual kiss upon her lips, tore himself away and fled into the open air.

LEONARD KIP.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

CIVILIZATION IN SOUTH AMERICA.

MORE properly, my subject would have been the civilization of those countries of South America contiguous to the Rio de la Plata. My remarks will be restricted to them, and I shall have nothing to say either of Brazil, Chili, Peru, Patagonia, New

Granada, Ecuador, or Venezuela. The map will show how much of the continent is comprehended in this great valley of the Plata. The Argentine Republic is a vast country, occupying one of the most fertile and fruitful portions of the globe, having an

area of about 1,000,000 square miles, or near that of the United States previous to the acquisition of Louisiana and Florida, a part of Mexico and of Alaska. Its population is about 2,500,000. The little republic of Uruguay, called the Banda Oriental, has but 65,000 square miles, and a population of less than half a million. The Argentine country has a great variety of soil and climate, but is on the average as fertile as the United States; and had it been settled by such people as were New England and Virginia, New York and Pennsylvania, it would to-day, in all probability, be a great and powerful nation.

The Banda Oriental is a small country, but for soil, climate, accessibility, and adaptability to the support of man, it is by nature the finest country in South America, if not in all the world—always excepting California.

But these countries were not settled by Puritans nor cavaliers, by Quakers, Dutch, nor Huguenots. On the contrary, they were settled by adventurers from Spain, who, having heard of the marvelous wealth of Mexico and Peru, had sought the regions of the Plata to rob and convert the simple natives. But they found no gold nor silver in these regions; and those that remained, after subduing the Indians, took possession of their lands and engaged in the raising of cattle and horses and sheep.

The lands were parceled out in large tracts to court favorites; and as the soil was fertile, and the climate mild and healthful, a large immigration poured in from Spain, so that it soon became an important colony. Many *grandees* came over and took possession of these grants; and as their flocks and herds multiplied, they lived in a sort of feudal splendor, alternating between barbarism and civilization. The sole articles of export were hides, tallow, and wool, and hence there was little cultivation of the soil, and the natives or half-breeds scarcely knew the taste of bread or fruits, or even salt.

These half-breeds formed the class known as *gauchos*. They are similar to the greasers of California, being like them, of mixed Spanish and Indian blood; and like them,

lazy, treacherous, and bloodthirsty. Indeed, the cross of the Spanish and Indian has never been a success; but the issue, as a rule, has been worse than either progenitor.

The owners of the land grants from the crown of Spain were called *estancieros*, and their estates *estancias*. The climate was such that no shelter was required for their animals, and no food but the grass of the plains, or *pampas*. To keep them from straying required a large force of herdsmen, or *vaqueros*, who besides were employed in branding the young animals and in butchering the old ones, and preparing the hides, tallow, and wool for the market. They had no other occupation, no education, and no moral sense; and as they were continually quarreling among themselves, murder was so common as to scarcely provoke notice or censure. A desperado who had become so notorious for the number he had slain that the authorities undertook to arrest him, became a hero, and had a following of like spirits with himself. These banded together, and if their chieftain had sufficient prestige, he set up as revolutionist, liberator, or reformer. He would scour the country, robbing and killing, until the government would be compelled to send an armed force in pursuit of him; and if he were hot pressed, he would propose to treat for peace, and to disband his forces on condition of receiving a large sum of money, or of being received into the government as a high official, perhaps a cabinet minister. Then there would be peace for a time, till some other *gaucho* chief, or *caudillo*, as he is there called, should get out of money or out of a job, and then he would set up as a patriot, to rob and ravage for a time, and then be bought off on similar terms.

To say that this has been the practice in those countries is hardly sufficient to show their actual condition, unless it is illustrated by the careers of some of the leading *caudillos*. The abstract, or general, is not so convincing as the concrete. I will therefore briefly sketch the career of one or two of these patriots.

The most distinguished of them, after the

expulsion of the Spaniards from the countries of the Plata, was a wretch by the name of Artigas, whose nearest counterpart I can recall in the history of California is the unsuccessful patriot whom we older Californians remember as Joaquin Muriatta. He was so much worse than other *gauchos* that he became their leader; and as there was at that time great hostility existing between the authorities of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, he changed from one side to the other, according as he could make the best terms for himself.

He was a famous character in his day, and his influence for evil was greater, perhaps, than that of any man in South America during the time of his lawless career. He was born in or near Montevideo, and his career of crime was in the early part of this century. His family belonged to that class of cattle raisers who, having early begun in that business, which afterwards became very profitable, acquired considerable wealth, though leading a life but few removes from the barbarous. This scion of the family was therefore brought up, or allowed to grow up, as a *gaucho*, receiving no education but that of riding and breaking wild horses, throwing the lasso, and catching, marking, and slaughtering cattle. In these accomplishments he greatly excelled, and became at once the terror and the admiration of other *gauchos*. He had the qualities for a leader of desperadoes, and the state of society at that time in the Banda Oriental was such that there was always a great number of that class of restless vagabonds, whose whole character, as it was then and is now, is expressed by the one word *gaucho*; men with no interest in the country, and no desire for any; who know no more of the comforts of civilized life than the Indians of the Gran Chaco; and who differ from them mainly in the fact that they are not so lazy, are more athletic and sanguinary, and have more animal spirits. A horse and his trappings, and their own peculiar garb, a knife and a lasso, are all the *gaucho* requires. Let him acquire by plunder or otherwise thousands

of dollars, and he will not rest till the last dollar is squandered in gaming and dissipation. The *gaucho* is *sui generis*. No other part of the world but the *pampas* of South America has ever produced any similar race of beings. The greaser of California is like him in some respects, but the latter has never aspired to or achieved political influence.

To the peculiar geographical features of the country must be ascribed this anomalous development of character. Those vast plains, extending almost from the ocean to the foot of the Andes, and from Paraguay to Patagonia, having an area sufficient for four kingdoms as large as France, or some eight hundred thousand square miles, are even yet, to a great extent, an uninhabited, unreclaimed waste. In the time of Artigas it was much less advanced than now from the state in which it was when, near three hundred years before, Sebastian Cabot first cast his eyes over this wide domain. There were many towns of more or less importance scattered about, and generally situate on the banks of the navigable rivers. But the interior was only settled by *estancieros* and their dependents.

The capitalists who succeeded in getting a title to a large tract of land, generally many thousand acres, would erect on it such buildings as were indispensable, and commence the raising of cattle and horses. These were only valued for their hides and tallow. Here, far removed from everything like society or civilization, the *estanciero* would settle down with his wife, and raise up a family of children. To take care of the herds many men would be required, and these would have their mud hovels near the large *estancia*, where they would live and breed like savages. The children of the proprietor would grow up untaught in everything except the labors of the *estancia*; but being privileged to lord it over the sons of the dependents, they early developed into juvenile tyrants, and passed beyond all constraint except their own bad passions. When grown to be men, and when they came to inherit the estates of their fathers,

they had no taste for any of those refinements or comforts that partially modified the manners and customs of the first settlers, whose early life, perhaps, had been spent in towns or cities. After this first remove from civilized society, the *estanciero* became, in all his habits and tastes, a *gaucho*; as much so as any man who labored for him for no other reward than the beef he might require to eat. With the thousands and hundreds of thousands of horned cattle, horses, and sheep that in time came to roam over his vast possessions, the *estanciero* must have great numbers of peons, or laborers, to take care of them. Over these the illiterate *estanciero* would reign supreme, with no one to dispute or even question his authority. Literally, he "was monarch of all he surveyed." Having scarcely any intercourse with the outer world, being unable to read, and only going to the nearest market town when it might be necessary to sell his hides and tallow, he saw his flocks increase, and lived undisturbed, unless an occasional foray of the Indians might interrupt his ease and indolence.

As described by a close observer fifty years ago:

"His children and his domestics, *gauchos* like himself, pass the same sort of life, that is to say, without ambition, without desires, and without any species of agricultural labor. All they have to do is to mark and to kill, at certain periods, the herds of oxen and flocks of sheep which constitute the fortune of the *estanciero*, and that satisfy the wants of all. Purely carnivorous, the *gaucho's* only food consists of flesh and water; bread and spirituous liquors are as much unknown to him as the simplest elements of social life. In a country in which the only wealth of the inhabitants arises from the incessant destruction of innumerable flocks, it can be easily understood how their sanguinary occupation must tend to obliterate every sentiment of pity, and induce an indifference to the perpetration of acts of cruelty. The readiness to shed blood, a ferocity which is at the same time obdurate and brutal, constitutes the prominent feature in the character of the

pure *gaucho*. The first instrument that the infantile hand of the *gaucho* grasps is the knife; the first things that attract his attention as a child are the pouring out of blood and the palpitating flesh of expiring animals. From his earliest years, as soon as he is able to walk, he is taught how he may with the greatest skill approach the living beast, hough it, and if he has strength, kill it. Such are the sports of his childhood; he pursues them ardently, and amid the approving smiles of his family. As soon as he acquires sufficient strength, he takes part in the labors of the *estancia*; they are the sole arts he has to study, and he concentrates all his intellectual powers in mastering them. From that time forth he arms himself with a large knife, and never for a single moment of his life parts with it. It is to his hand an additional limb: he makes use of it always in all cases, in every circumstance, and constantly, with wonderful skill and address. The same knife that in the morning had been used to slaughter a bullock or to kill a tiger aids him in the day-time to cut his dinner, and at night to carve out a skin tent, or else to repair his saddle or to mend his banjo."

With the *gaucho*, the knife is often used as an argument in support of his opinions. In the midst of a conversation, apparently carried on in amity, the formidable knife glitters on a sudden in the hands of one of the speakers, the *ponchos* are rolled around the left arm, and a conflict commences. Some deep gashes are seen on the face, the blood gushes forth, and not infrequently one of the combatants falls lifeless to the earth; but no one thinks of interfering with the combat, and when it is over the conversation is resumed as if nothing extraordinary had occurred. No person is disturbed by it, not even the women, who remain cold, unmoved spectators of the affray. It may easily be surmised what sort of persons they must be of which such a scene is but a specimen of their domestic manners. Thus the savage education of the *estancia* produces in the *gaucho* a complete indifference as to human life, by familiarizing him from his most

tender years to the contemplation of a violent death, whether it is that he inflicts it on another or receives it himself. He lifts his knife against a man with the same indifference that he strikes down a bullock: the idea which everywhere else attaches to the crime of homicide does not exist in his mind; for in slaying another he yields not less to habit than to the impulse of his wild and barbarous nature. If, perchance, a murder of this kind is committed so close to town that there is reason to apprehend the pursuit of justice, every one is eager to favor the flight of the guilty person. The fleetest horse is at his service, and he departs, certain to find wherever he goes the favor and sympathy of all.

When he is hungry he selects one out of the herd of beeves that cover the plain, pursues it, lassos it, kills it, cuts out of it a piece of flesh, sometimes as much as ten pounds at a meal, which he eats raw or cooks, and thus refreshes himself for the journey of the following day. If murder be a common incident in the life of a *gaucho*, it often also becomes the means to him of emerging from obscurity and obtaining renown amongst his associates. When a *gaucho* has rendered himself remarkable by his audacity and address in single combats, companions gather around him, and he soon finds himself at the head of a considerable party. He commences a campaign, sets himself in open defiance to the law, and in a short time acquires a celebrity which rallies a crowd about him. Then he regards the government as his foe, and proclaims himself a patriot, a liberator, and a reformer.

Artigas was for years the most distinguished representative of this class of patriots.

The governor of Montevideo several times sent such forces as he could collect to put down this modern Cacus. But the royal troops were invariably defeated; as in a country like the Banda Oriental a force like that of Artigas could not be overcome by ten times their number of organized troops. It was not the policy of Artigas to

fight, except with everything in his favor. Were he known to be in one place with a large force, and a body of national troops were sent to capture him, before they could reach his camping-ground he would be a hundred miles or a hundred leagues distant, with his whole band. His followers required no commissariat. If their horses gave out, they selected fresh ones that were to be found in great numbers on the intervening *estancias*; and for food they only had to kill and eat the cattle and sheep they were sure to find grazing on the *estancias* by which they passed. The lasso, the rude saddle, called *recado*, the sheath-knife, were all that the *gaucho* soldier required to secure him against every want. His clothing was such as in his maraudings might fall into his hands, though the true *gaucho* dress was his favorite costume.

This consists, when complete, of a shirt and a square piece of cloth brought around the hips so as to form two loose bags for the legs, and fastened about the waist with a broad leather belt, ornamented with silver coins, usually dollars, having eyes soldered to them, like buttons. Over his shoulders he wears a *poncho*, which is a thick, woollen cloth about six feet long and three and a half wide. Through a slit made lengthwise in the middle of this the wearer thrusts his head, and the garment, falling from his shoulders and about his sides and hips, effectually protects him from cold, wind, and rain. A brigandish hat and huge spurs, with or without boots, complete the uniform of the *gaucho*.

Of such was the army of Artigas composed. His horses cost him nothing but the trouble of stealing them; and beef, the only diet of himself and his troops, cost him no more.

The most wealthy of the *estancieros* would submit to be blackmailed by him, so that his career might have continued for years longer had not a revolt occurred among his own forces, from whom he escaped and fled to Paraguay, and threw himself on the mercy of Doctor Francia. Strangely enough, that cruel dictator permit-

ted him to remain there; and though he lived thirty-four years longer he entirely gave up his former amusements of robbery and murder, and was never heard of afterwards but as a morose hermit, secluded from the world.

A career like that of Artigas is not possible in any country where the greater portion of the inhabitants are not partially *gauchos* in their tastes and habits. He was to a certain extent a representative man, and to this day he is regarded by many as a hero and a patriot. Years after his death the political party in whose name he had committed the most of his crimes caused his remains to be removed with great pomp and ceremony to the cemetery of Montevideo, and there interred in a massive vault, over which stands a high and costly monument, dedicated in high-sounding eulogy to the great robber.

Since the time of Artigas he has had many imitators. Indeed, civil wars have been so frequent that until the last twenty years little progress, as compared with the United States, has been made in the country. If a *gaucho* has made himself particularly obnoxious by his crimes, he sets up for a reformer, and defies the government. Hence, in the more remote provinces, there are still *caudillos* ready to set up a standard of rebellion whenever they become outcasts and have no other means of support. The spirit of insubordination to the laws is almost universal—or at least was so, until within the past few years. They all profess to be ardent republicans, and the different parties put forth their candidates for the presidency. But the defeated party considers itself under no obligation to accept the results. If their candidate feels himself strong enough to inaugurate a civil war he plunges into it, and then the two parties fight it out, and the issue is decided by the result of a pitched battle. Had South American ideas prevailed in the United States twenty-two years ago, the result of the battle of Bull Run would have made Jeff. Davis President of the United States.

The animosities that have grown up as a

result of so many civil wars are so intense and bitter as to be scarcely conceived by strangers. The different parties have no idea of government policy, as affecting the general interests of the nation. Tariffs, banks, free trade, protection, or internal improvements, until recently, have scarcely entered into their political discussions. The quarrels and passions of the times of Artigas, Oribe, and Rosas are perpetuated to this day. Men are put forward for office, not for the ability they possess or the policy they advocate, so much as because their fathers fought on one side or the other fifty or sixty years ago.

When Charles Lamb had written something which was criticised as not being according to the spirit of the age, he replied, "Hang the age: I write for antiquity." So the politicians of South America seldom discuss measures or policy as they shall affect the future welfare of the country; but they argue and quarrel and fight for antiquity: hence the repeated wars and revolutions.

The last of the successful *caudillos* in these civil wars was a thorough *gaucho*, named Florencio Flores. Like Artigas, he was ignorant and illiterate, but distinguished for strength and endurance. He had been brought up as a *vagabundo*, and was expert in lassoing cattle and taming wild horses. His prowess in these exercises was such that he could easily gather a following of *gauchos*; and having been a partizan of the Colorado party of Montevideo during the nine years' siege, he gained some military prestige, but was so turbulent an agitator after the fall of Oribe that he was compelled to leave Uruguay, and returned to his vocation of herdsman. In the civil war of 1861, between Buenos Ayres and other provinces of the Argentine Confederation, he rendered efficient service at the critical moment that turned the scale in favor of General Mitre, Governor of Buenos Ayres.

This success emboldened him to make an invasion of Uruguay. To this he was openly encouraged by the government party of Buenos Ayres and by the leading newspaper of the country.

This journal did not advocate open and

manly war against the Banda Oriental, for it was impossible to devise a pretext for that; but it took the ground that the minority of any country, when they could not get what they wanted under the established forms of law, were justified in making a rebellion and overturning the government by force of arms. If outnumbered and outvoted, they were under no obligations to submit. This was the very spirit of *gauchoism*; and as an evidence how strong this element still is, even in Buenos Ayres, no stronger proof is necessary than that such anarchical, detestable doctrines were so popular that the government had no power to resist them. Meetings were publicly called and openly held, for the purpose of obtaining material aid for Flores. In a free country and under a constitutional government the right to assemble thus is admitted. The Fenians exercised it in their foolish appeals in behalf of the Irish republic, and the English exercised it when they assembled to furnish aid and comfort to another republic, whose corner-stone was to be human slavery. But until some overt act on the high seas or within the territory of the menaced country was committed, no violation of international law could be alleged.

There was very little response, however, by the people of the Banda Oriental to these "liberators" who were coming to free them from a government under which they were enjoying a degree of prosperity before unknown; and among those who approved of the invasion there were scarcely any who cared to venture their own safety on an expedition so hazardous, if not hopeless. The government of Montevideo was distracted in its counsels, and taking no effective steps to throttle the invasion, should it be attempted. Of this Flores was well aware. He knew if he could effect a landing with a small force he could easily escape, should he see any energetic proceedings on the part of the government. But if indecision and apathy prevailed, he could gradually gather to his standard the floating *gaucho* population, that takes to marauding as naturally as the young partridge takes to the woods. With such recruits, he could easily keep himself

out of the way of any regular troops sent in pursuit of him.

The *estancias*, with their herds of horses, cattle, and sheep, were numerous; and, if pursued, his followers could, after every day's flight, supply themselves with fresh horses and the needed provisions at the expense of the *estancieros*; whereas any regular troops must move with such means as they could legally obtain.

With this prospect before him, Flores, on the 16th of April, 1863, embarked in a whale boat at Buenos Ayres, with only three attendants, for the Banda Oriental. He landed without opposition, and issued a pronunciamiento, proclaiming to the people that he had come to rescue them from the tyranny of the existing government. But he met with no welcome or response from any one who had aught to lose. Outlaws and vagabonds, however, rallied to his standard, and he was soon ranging over the hills with a considerable force. Arms and munitions of war were supplied to him from Buenos Ayres, with the connivance of the government. The President, Berro, was an old man near the end of his term; and as the country had enjoyed unexampled prosperity during his administration, he disliked to take any action to expel the invaders—perhaps sharing the opinion of James Buchanan that no government had a right to coerce anybody. So Flores was left to his own sweet will; and so completely had he dominated the country, that when an election was held he was made President. Then came the war with Paraguay, and Uruguay entered into the triple alliance with Brazil and the Argentine Republic, from which it did not emerge for five years. In the mean while, however, Flores was assassinated in the streets of Montevideo, and the world was that much better off.

But since the death of Flores the spirit of *caudilloism* has very much diminished in these countries. The soldiers who were conscripted for the Paraguayan war were largely of this class, and they were mostly killed or died there. They had left their country for their country's good, as did so many, some twenty-five years ago, leave California to give

liberty and good government to the benighted people of Nicaragua.

Of late years there has been a great influx of foreigners into these countries: people who take no part in the quarrels of the past; who only want security for life and property, and who give their whole influence to the development of the industrial interests of the country. English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, French, Italians are all flocking in there, and the population is becoming of such a cosmopolitan character that a successful revolution seems now hardly possible. The last attempt of that kind was as signal a failure as was the late "onpleasantness" in the United States. The most popular man in the country was at the head of it, and the one having the most prestige. This man was General Bartolome Mitre, who had been Governor of Buenos Ayres, and then for six years President of the republic. He was a man of varied accomplishments, a scholar, an orator, a historian, and a poet.

He was also an experienced soldier and a man of courage, and for a time was in chief command of the allied forces in the war against Paraguay. At the end of his term he had retired with high honors, universally respected.

Under the Argentine constitution no president can be elected his own next successor; and therefore during the following six years Mitre remained a private citizen. But at the next election he came forward as a candidate. He was not, however, elected, as the interior provinces thought it was time for some other part of the republic to have the president. Then, sad to say, the man was unwise enough, and had so much of the *gaucho* instinct in him, that he attempted to get up a revolution and resist the legally elected president. Large armies were raised on both sides, and there was, at first, promise of a disastrous civil war. But

the spirit of *gauchoism* was broken. The rebels were easily defeated in the first general action, and Mitre was taken prisoner. He was kept in prison in Buenos Ayres for a long time, and though many threats of his partisans were made to liberate him, no attempts were made to do it; and at last, when all excitement had died away, and civilization seemed to have superseded the bad spirit of other days so completely that another revolution was not to be apprehended, his prison doors were opened, and he was allowed to go forth a free man. If a man so popular, and one who had been honored above any other citizen, could only make a ridiculous failure, it is quite clear that a new era has come to the inhabitants of these countries, and the future for them is full of promise. Emigration of the best class is pouring in in vast numbers; and as the valley of the P is the finest region in the world, next to the valley of the Mississippi, it is destined to become in a few generations a densely populated country, and one of the greatest nations of the earth. No other section save the Mississippi valley has so fine a climate, and such an extent of rich, fruitful soil. The spirit of improvement there is as rife as in the United States. Railroads and telegraphs are extending in all directions, and factories and ship-yards are being established with an enterprise like that of Boston or Chicago; and to-day the Argentine Republic is one of the most progressive states in the world. As republicans, we should rejoice in their prosperity, and welcome the day when there shall be another great and powerful republic to prove to the world that the day of despotism and superstition is passed, and that the best government is that where all power is recognized as derived from "the consent of the governed." *

CHARLES A. WASHBURN.

* This paper was read before the Geographical Society of the Pacific, August 15th, 1882.

THE BABY ON THE WALL.

I look on the wall at my baby,
The boy of my long ago,
And I say to myself, "Now, may be
The whole thing never was so."

Then I remember the winter night,
In a country far away,
When his dying face in the shaded light
On his mother's bosom lay.

I see her gather him closer still,
And note her drooping head,
And then, with lips that are white and chill,
She moans, "Oh, darling!—dead!"

I see myself next morn going out
From sorrow into the storm;
I scarcely know, as I go about,
Whether I'm cold or warm.

I look for the man who sells the ground;
He marks me a lot in the snow;
He digs me a grave. And we gather round,
We and our friends, you know.

And there with words I never recall—
I heard but the broken moan
Of his mother when clods began to fall—
We left him low and alone.

But his memory comes not o'er me now
As it did in former years,
When his mother would hang his picture low
And look at it long in tears.

One grief over another has grown,
As time has worn me gray,
Till now the mother is dead and gone—
And that's the reason I say:

I look on the wall at my baby,
The boy of my long ago,
And sometimes think, "Now, may be
The whole thing never was so."

J. W. GALLY.

THE SIGNOR AMERICAN.

I.

It was in the baptistery at Pisa that Berry first saw her. He had just entered the door as she uttered a few clear soprano notes; and in a moment was awakened that peculiar echo that once heard is never forgot—a seeming multitude of voices of unearthly tender sweetness taking up the strain and wafting it to the highest heavens.

Berry bowed his thanks in recognition of the treat in which he had shared. She glanced uneasily towards her escort, a middle-aged gentleman with bald, shining head and long gray whiskers; slightly inclined her head in return, and spoke two or three words—at least Berry saw her lips move, though he did not catch the words.

The custode of the baptistery, moved with jealousy at being outdone, must just then show what he could do by throwing down upon the marble floor a block of wood, and the blow awakened the most deafening and howling crash-upon-crashing echoes, that finally rolled away like the mutterings of a distant thunder-storm.

Thus it was that Berry lost those words, which, if they had been meant for him, were no doubt some commonplace reply to his thanks; but if his scowl could have consumed that grinning custode, he would have been turned instantly into ashes.

Her escort favored Berry, as they turned away, with a most comprehensive stare, or rather a series of stares.

The custode with his block of wood never knew that he lost three francs for his pains. The five francs that Berry would have gladly given in his happiness was but a begrudged franc in his resentment. However, he relented to the amount of another franc when the stupid old man said, as he placed the fee carefully away in his pocket with one hand and motioned towards the vanishing

carriage of the visitors with the other, "Ah! she did sing from her heart—the madonna-faced."

Madonna-faced! Doubtless, the expression was one that he of the baptistery would have gladly bestowed on any fair five-franc donor, even on Miss Miggs herself; though in this case he had been moved by the power of beauty as well as by a lively admiration for a cheerful giver. She might well have stepped out of some old worshiped canvas, that rare golden-haired daughter of the land of olives, whose bearing was sweetly and nobly majestic, and who, at the most, could not have seen more than eighteen or twenty years.

It was in those days before united Italy was a realized fact, when it was unpleasant and not infrequently dangerous for any one to be there doing much traveling; but the least so for an American, to whom it could matter but little, practically, who might win in the struggle. Armed with a correctly vised passport, and attending strictly to those matters which are supposed to interest a traveler, an American found himself the least harassed of any nationality, and a hundred times less suspected and annoyed than a native.

Berry had passed some time at Florence, but taking alarm at what proved to be some foolish report of an uprising, he took flight to Pisa. All impatient to view those buildings which are the glory of Pisa, he had no sooner seen his baggage deposited at a small hotel near the Ponte di Mezzo than he at once rushed off sight-seeing in the Piazza del Duomo.

The waiter of the hotel "Europe" had solemnly and emphatically denied Berry accommodations, but Berry insisted on leaving his baggage there until his own return and that of the landlord, a M. Molina, who was hourly expected from Leghorn. The

round-faced Signora who kept the excellent pension on the Via del Presto at Florence had given Berry a card of introduction to her cousin of the Europe, which he hoped would plead in his behalf, being well pleased with all he saw about the little hotel.

On returning to the hotel he found that Molina had arrived; but he also denied Berry, accompanied with profound excuse. Berry felt sure of quarters elsewhere, to which Molina offered to send him, as travelers were then but few; but why should the Europe be so crowded?

Molina could or would only shrug his shoulders, and turning his hands helplessly outward, as if beseeching mercy, edge away towards the hotel entrance. Berry paused a moment, even then irresolute to accept the situation, and hearing some light steps behind him, turned and saw the sweet singer of the baptistery, who had just entered the hotel. Berry raised his hat, out of common politeness, as she passed him, and he noticed a sad, uneasy smile play upon her face.

Her gray-whiskered escort had paused near the entrance, conversing with Molina, and Berry caught some words which seemed to apply to himself. Coming forward, the gentleman scanned him over thoroughly, which scrutiny Berry returned as long as the bald head was in sight.

"M. Molina," said Berry, defiantly, dropping into a chair, "I'm going to stop with you, whether you want me or not. You certainly have some little nook where you can lodge me and charge full rates. I'm—I'm very much fatigued."

Molina smiled, though he shook his head in that absurd way of *maitres*, and Berry took hope.

"My cousin, the Signora at Florence, would never forgive me should I ill lodge the gentleman," he said suavely. "It is true, I have one little, very little room, but I could not in conscience offer it."

"Let your conscience rest easy," said Berry, judging to a nicety what an Italian landlord meant when he began to talk in that strain; "the very little room will answer."

It was not the very little room that Berry

expected it to be, scarcely large enough for him to squeeze into; nor did he ever discover that Molina had many others that were much larger, or that he had more guests than the bald-headed gentleman's party and himself.

II.

Three or four days passed without Berry's catching as much as a glimpse of Signorina Bianca Vanni. He learned that much of bland Molina, and that the gentleman was Count Barbensi, her guardian; but beyond their names Molina knew nothing, so he said; though Berry felt that in that particular Molina held but as little reverence for truth as in some others. The count and Molina were too often in conversation to be such entire strangers to each other.

Berry tried to pump the Europe's sole waiter, but he was apparently the most dull of mortals, and knew nothing. Even with the stimulus of ten francs it took this Giulio two days to discover but little more than Molina had told, and he imparted his information as though it was a great state secret, that must be spoken only after a mysterious caution in closing all the dining-room doors.

The count, however, was not chary of his presence, and Berry seldom walked or lounged long in the paved court of the hotel, around which stood some orange trees in boxes, before the gray-fringed shining head also appeared there, apparently to keep an eye upon the windows above. He always quite ignored Berry's presence; but whenever they met elsewhere they scowled at each other right royally, I promise you.

On one side of the court was a trumpery bandbox of a room, labeled over its door with huge letters in grand flourish, "Smoking-room." It was directly under the windows the count watched so jealously. Late one afternoon, before dinner, Berry was waiting there for that important hour to arrive, when there broke on his hearing the low, sweet notes of an Italian hymn, as one would sing to one's self.

Berry knew the voice at once, and forgot

that he was hungry and had just growled at the delay of dinner. When Giulio quietly appeared on the opposite side of the court, arrayed in his spotless apron, and was about to call, "Dinner is served, sir," he was struck dumb by Berry's pantomimic demands for his silence.

The voice ceased a moment, and was beginning a second *aria*, when it was hushed by a great, gruff "ahem!" followed by the heavy tread of that bewhiskered count sounding upon the court pavement. He glared up at the windows about the court, and went into the hotel at a stride. Berry could have numbered the stone steps of the flight that led above by listening to the count's thump, thump, thumping feet, as he ascended.

"It was the Signorina Bianca that sang," said foolish Giulio, as he ladled out Berry's soup.

The table was usually ornamented with a dish of flowers, but on that day the bouquet appeared finer than common; and before the cause could be asked Molina glanced into the dining-room, calling Giulio out. At once Berry heard them in the passageway, parleying in furious tones about some flowers; though directly Molina re-entered, all smiling and suavity, followed by Giulio. Molina explained that he had as usual provided two bouquets, one for the count's table and the other for Berry's; but that stupid Giulio's dog had been allowed to get at one and pull it all to pieces. M. Molina could not say whose bouquet was destroyed, though Giulio had decided that it was the count's. No doubt he was perfectly right. It would be a great disappointment to the Signorina, who loved flowers, and never dined without them; but as she was just about to take her dinner none could be had in time.

Berry was not ill pleased for the opportunity, and handing his flowers to Giulio, ordered him to bear them to Signorina Bianca, with his compliments. He also mentally resolved that Giulio's dog should have a new collar, and regretted having said that very morning, as he had rolled

that animal of low degree over for snapping at his heels, that such curs were only fit to drown.

"And tell them how stupid thou hast been," said Molina, as Giulio left the room with the flowers. Then, turning to Berry, "Ah, sir, you have charmed that Giulio; he will have it that nothing is half good enough for the Signor American."

Molina was out of the room changing the courses when Giulio, in great trepidation, returned, bearing the flowers, which he replaced on the table without uttering a word, and began nervously shifting some of the dishes.

"What does this mean?" Berry demanded, seeing that Giulio had no idea of explaining.

"Sir?—ah, you see, Signorina Bianca does not care for flowers, and when she does, Count Barbensi will furnish them."

"Who said that?"

"The Signorina."

"I don't believe you!" said Berry, indignantly.

Giulio glanced at the doors, and then drawing near to Berry, said in a whisper: "No, it is a great lie; it was the count who said that, and he swore dr—r—r—eadfully—I'm quite frightened! He is a grand villain, this count, and he bullies the Signorina; her maid, Ninna, told me last night. But I tell you, sir, Ninna can be a great hypocrite! She also bullies the Signorina one half the time, to please the count, and not be sent away, and cries her eyes out the other half, and prays to the madonna because she has to be so wicked. Ninna loves the Signorina, but the count thinks she is a tiger. Ah!"

A step was heard in the passage and at the door, and Giulio again spoke in his ordinary tone. "It is as I tell you, sir, the Signorina says, tell the Signor American that she cares not for flowers, and when she does, Count Barbensi will bring them."

Molina contradicted and denounced Giulio as a blundering pig, sent him from the room, and begged that Berry would pay no attention to what had been reported.

"Though the count is peculiar, I know it is that pig's mistake," said Molina, weeping the driest of tears. "You must know that I rented the whole of my hotel to the count, as he wished to feel as though he was at home. But ah, sir! you came and charmed me too: I could deny you nothing. I told the count that you were my particular friend—such a friend that always I make you no charge; and he growled much, but believed me. Now I shall be ruined if we do not say that Giulio is a blundering pig: I pray you will not refuse me!"

Berry had no desire to be ousted from the Europe, which Molina vowed the count could insist upon for cause; so he said nothing further about the flowers being returned, though mentally resolving various rash projects of revenge.

As Berry went to his room that night, he saw the maid Ninna approaching along the passage. It was the second time he had seen her, the first being an occasion when she had blundered into his dining-room. She was a rather coarse-looking woman of an awkward gait, always appearing with a great ugly hood slouched over her head, though to no loss to the lovers of the beautiful. When Berry and she had nearly met, he slackened his pace to have a better look at her. She hesitated, and without turning her head, said, in a not unpleasant voice, "Signorina Bianca wishes to thank you for your beautiful flowers; it was very kind in you to send them, and she begs that you will not charge her with the rude message with which they were returned."

"Assure the Signorina that I did not for a moment; and that if I can ever do her a service, she has but to command me," said Berry gallantly, as Ninna hastily moved away.

III.

Giulio, as Berry learned to know him better, proved far from stupid when safe out of ear-shot of Molina; and as he and Ninna became acquainted, had always some new bit of revelation in regard to Bianca, until the situation was pretty well understood.

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Count Barbensi had been left several years before the sole guardian of Bianca and her considerable wealth; and being a powerful though needy person, he had recently made violent love to his ward, with an eye to her fortune. A gentle repulse, instead of reminding him of his sacred trust, had only caused him to unmask his true character; and having persuaded Bianca to leave her native city of Ferrara, ostensibly to visit the baths of Lucca, he had brought her to Pisa, away from all knowledge of her friends. Once in the hotel of Molina, a creature of the count's, though he loved any one's gold, and in the care of Ninna, a supposed willing tool, the count had given Bianca to either favorably consider his suit or the alternative of a convent life at Rome, where, from the near-at-hand port of Leghorn, she could be easily taken in a few hours. Whenever she went out of the hotel the count was at her side, and she therefore preferred to remain within doors, where, save at meals, she could avoid his presence.

"But the other Signor, the one she does admire—where is he all this time?" asked Berry of Giulio, trying to make it appear by the tones of his voice that it was a matter of indifference to him if there were a dozen or so.

"Ninna says there is none; but then Signorina Bianca hates the count. Ninna, sir, has a little dagger, long and sharp, and says if it must be she will *so*"—tapping Berry lightly but very suggestively on the breast—"but I think she brags; she is afraid of the count."

"The old gray-headed wretch!" said Berry, half to himself. "What a dastardly action, to work upon the fears of a young, tender heart!" Then to Giulio, after a pause, "Why doesn't she appeal to your courts? There are laws that certainly will protect her, troubled as the times are."

"Ah! but, my brave sir, who will tell the law? The next morning he would be missing, and perhaps he would be in the Arno, and perhaps he would be in the sea."

"And has she no friend who will dare this much for her?"

Giulio sorrowfully shook his head. "In England, Ninna says, there are many good friends of the Signorina's; but they tell me England is very far from here, and time is passing. The count is a great man; I would not like to get in his way, I tell you, sir, for he will stop at nothing. Ah, I'm afraid there is no help for the Signorina!"

"There is some help for her," said Berry, slowly, and with significant determination.

Giulio started back in alarm and amazement, and a dish fell out of his hand, but safely upon the table.

"Excuse me, sir, but I think that you do not know this count: he is like the lion that roars! You have the brave heart, and can fence and shoot well, no doubt—I hear that all of Signor's countrymen shoot very fine—but you cannot see in the dark; and—ah, certainly! it shall be as you command. I wish you well, very well, but shall weep much if my brave gentleman comes to harm."

Berry smiled and held out a gold piece to Giulio, who stood by him with his countenance troubled and his hands clasped.

"No, excuse me, a thousand pardons!" said he, stepping back from the coin. "I do not wish pay twice, as Molina; my pay will be Ninna. I have said, don't cross the count, with my lips; but my heart says, yes, yes—you see, sir, how it is with me."

Giulio, however, was prevailed upon to take the gold, with the understanding that he was to spend it in a trinket for Ninna, who was to be warned to watch for an opportunity to speak with Berry.

It was not a pleasant prospect for Berry to contemplate what had been done by unscrupulous Italians; but from a call of distressed womanhood, even though she had not been young, lovely, and free, all the possible daggers of Italy would not have intimidated him. He possessed, as Giulio had said, "the brave heart." The several specimens of the men of Italy whom Berry had become acquainted with at the different cities he had visited rapidly deepened a pre-

conceived and strong aversion to them as a nation, which to Molina, a Frenchman, he chanced to disclose on his first night in Pisa. Molina had at first strongly endeavored to remove this prejudice, and with a persistent zeal that Berry finally told him with considerable warmth was wasted upon him. Molina for some reason was undoubtedly disappointed at his failure, but on the second day, when they exchanged a few words, he admitted with unblushing inconsistency that he, too, really thought very lightly of the Signors; and after that he seemed to take a quiet delight in repeating their shortcomings. Berry's instant repugnance to the count, growing each day, had further increased this antipathy.

That evening he had promised himself a stroll to the cathedral, to note the effect of the moonlight upon its pillared façade. As he stood there, thinking on a very different subject from architecture, he noticed the hooded figure of Ninna cross the piazza and pause in the shade of the leaning tower. Berry was not long in joining her, and heard a corroboration, in vehement language, of all that he had learned from Giulio. If he had entertained the slightest doubt of the propriety of throwing down the gauntlet in Bianca's behalf, it would have all vanished before Ninna's passionately tearful tale. Without a moment's delay, he would have rushed off and implored the aid of the law; but Ninna with sound reason persuaded him of the futility of such a step in Bianca's case, particularly at that time. If the count was to be beaten, it was at his own game of plotting; once given the alarm, and Bianca would be spirited away to where the count was all powerful. Berry scribbled a few lines on a leaf of his note book, offering his poor services in any way that Signorina Vanni might command, and spoke a number of verbal pledges in Ninna's willing ear.

"The fortune of the brave reward you, Signor! We shall now hope," said the joyful Ninna, as she turned away.

"None but the brave deserve the fair," floated through Berry's mind, and somehow was mixed up with his dreams that night.

IV.

Berry's ardor was a little dampened for the moment, when on the next morning there was cautiously handed him this note:

"I am sorry, and should say displeased, that my loving, foolish maid and simple, honest Giulio have, unknown to me, undertaken to be my advocates, and would win a far more worthy champion to my cause. Though I cannot chide them, my poor friends, yet I must decline to draw you, a compassionate stranger, into an unhappy plot that can but bring trouble, perhaps death, for your reward. I fully appreciate the nobleness of your offer, shall always remember it, and now thank you from my heart most earnestly.

"Sincerely indebted,

"BIANCA VANNI."

Berry was not long in sending an answer to this note, but Ninna expressed herself as being half wild from despair because of her mistress's continued refusal to expose him to any risk; or rather, as he judged from repeated language, she hesitated from utter hopelessness. Ninna implored on her knees, Giulio reported. "And I say, sir, 'I believe with all my heart that Signor Berry can outwit the count, and get you to your friends in England.'"

He finally prevailed with Ninna to be granted a moment's interview in Molina's and the count's absence, and spoke with the eloquence of a courageous-hearted man. His words well became him, yet there seemed to be something in his bearing and speech, however praiseworthy, that apparently surprised, if not startled, the poor woman, and she turned towards Ninna, with a questioning look.

"As even walls sometimes have ears," said Ninna, sententiously, "and Signor Berry already knows everything, let us act. Signorina, permit me to introduce you to your brother, Signor Berry."

"We should not accept but cannot refuse your assistance, brave brother," said Bianca, in charming earnestness. There were tears

in her eyes as she endeavored to call up a smile when they shook hands, and a moment later she was strongly affected. But as Ninna calmed her, Berry saw her face light up with hope and courage, and he left their presence with thanks ringing in his ears.

It was running too much danger of a discovery, Ninna thought, to hold another interview with Bianca; but through herself there was always a safe communication, and plans were suggested and gradually matured while waiting for a favorable opportunity to execute them. Berry ventured with success to interpolate the words "sister and servant" after his own name in his passport, which all the powers that be were requested to know was an American citizen's.

A most unexpected opportunity offered when the count confided to his supposed zealous jailor, Ninna, that he would be obliged to be away a few days at Florence, on some political business. In preparation for assisting the plot, Ninna informed Berry that, with her advice, Bianca had seemingly become more gracious towards the count; and when he spoke of his visit to Florence, Ninna urged him to allow them to go for the time to Lucca, as Bianca had so often requested, where she would answer for the consequences.

When the day was fixed for their visit to Lucca, Wednesday, Berry hinted to Molina that he thought of returning to Florence; he pined for the beautiful Signorinas of Florence. On Monday he took a flying visit down to Leghorn, and there engaged three passages in the Valery & Co.'s weekly steamer to Marseilles, that would sail on Thursday evening. Tuesday evening he left Pisa for Florence, and when Molina begged that he would honor him with his hand at parting, he made that double-faced publican wince in his grasp. Arriving at Florence, Berry immediately continued on to Lucca by way of Pistoja.

The agreed signal that all was well was the two candles seen burning in an upper window of a small pension on the Via Pozzotorelli, as Berry strolled down that

street on Wednesday evening. While at Pisa he had emptied one of his trunks, and Ninna had smuggled many of her mistress's valuables and clothing out of her rooms and packed them in it. Another large box of Bianca's had been carried out of the hotel, ostensibly to be repaired against their return to Pisa; but it was really well filled, and Giulio was to see that a friend of his drove with it in good time to Leghorn.

It was an easy matter for Berry to call in the Via Pozzotorelli on the next morning, and, as an old friend, to invite Bianca to take the air with her maid, and afterwards, towards evening, to be standing with his sister and servant at the *douane* at Leghorn. On one spectacled official asking some questions, Bianca must have them explained in English, and Berry translated her words into Italian, not very lucidly I doubt, as the official quickly craved his distinguished silence and fees. Ungainly Ninna was not given a notice, other than the remark of a porter that Tuscany was well rid of such statuary.

On arriving at Marseilles, to Berry's secret anger his most valuable trunk, together with that box of Bianca's, were found to have been left on shore by the porters at Leghorn. However, the hope was held out that the missing baggage might arrive three days later, on a sailing vessel of the company's, leaving Leghorn at a later hour than the steamer's departure.

Ninna, who seemed to be in a consuming state of unrest to have her beloved mistress quickly reach England, then proposed and arranged that they should hurry on to London, while Berry awaited the arrival of the missing baggage to follow. In England all were friends, and they could not too quickly make themselves safe from any pursuit.

After an unusually quick passage the sailing vessel arrived at the end of but two days, and the missing trunks were found on board. Not many hours elapsed after Berry reached Paris from Marseilles before he continued his journey to London, which he reached in the evening. He posted a

note to Bianca at her hotel, announcing his arrival, and that he would give himself the pleasure to call upon her in the morning.

With great promptness to the hour he had mentioned Berry called, was shown into the parlor of Bianca's suite of rooms, and there impatiently waited her appearance.

As she entered, leaning upon the arm of a gentleman, Berry rose, and was startled by something familiar in his already challenged rival's face.

"Yes, it is Ninna—my husband," said Bianca, gayly advancing and frankly offering her hand. She had never looked prettier. "But if you had not known the count's disguise, I am sure you would not now have recognized him."

Berry tried to smile, but having touched her hand and bowed stiffly to the gentleman, he was glad to drop down on a chair.

"My ever-brave good sir," she said warmly, "you have saved my husband's life, dearer than my own. How can I ever repay you? what can we do for you?"

"Do? Ah! nothing, nothing, I'll assure you," said Berry, lightly. Then getting his eyes on his hat, for which he had been looking, "A beautiful day, isn't it? just the season for you to enjoy England."

There was a knock on the door, and as it proved to be a messenger for the countess, she excused herself for a moment.

"Not going!" said Count C——, as Berry aroused himself and immediately rose. "Stay and go dine with us at Richmond"; and the count went on in his smiling, oily way, expressing his thanks for the obligations they were placed under. Berry afterwards recalled that he was induced to reseal himself and listen to something about: "Political secrets betrayed—lose my head if caught—all seaports and roads watched—hiding at Pisa in woman's apparel—Signor Berry's appearance—plans suggested by wife's father, bald headed count—Molina, Giulio, all assisted bravely, but nothing could have been accomplished without Signor Berry—very glad letter was satisfactory—must take dinner with them, and be forever as one of the family."

Berry must have declined the dinner, as late in the evening he found himself wandering about St. James Square; and concluding from his weary feeling that he must have walked miles, he drove to his hotel.

The letter alluded to was one that had missed Berry at Marseilles, but was found forwarded on his return to the hotel. The count had thought well to write and explain that his wife, Bianca, knew nothing of the story that had moved Berry's indignation, nor of Berry's ignorance of what was hidden under Ninna's hood. "We were apprehensive, my good father-in-law and I, that as your dislike to us Signors was so great, you could not be induced to risk your life to save the life of one of us, and our first idea to confide all in you was abandoned. But we early saw that we had done you a great injustice, my brave sir, in doubting your

sympathy, a very great injustice indeed; yet what then could we do?"

It was a pleasure for Berry to know that Bianca was innocent of any deception; but he soon left London to escape the kindnesses that she, seconded by her husband, was anxious to pay him.

Only last week, Berry, who is still numbered among us bachelors, suddenly, and without any good apparent reason, announced that his health—never better in his life—required him to seek a mild climate, such as Italy's, and he posted off without seeing more than half a dozen of his friends. Whether or not Count C——, who did not again enter public life, is sleeping with his fathers, and Berry had learned as much, I have not been able to determine, though availing myself of every source where such a question might be answered.

JAMES B. MARSHALL.

WENDISH CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

A HASTY visit to the Spreewald, an account of which appeared in *THE CALIFORNIAN* for December, 1881, aroused in me so great an interest for the Wends of the Lausitz that I have since that time improved every opportunity that has presented itself to study their traditions, customs, superstitions and general folk-lore.

It is not so much the originality or intrinsic value of this folk-lore that awakens interest, as its vital character—the fact that here a class of superstitions, customs, and traditions, which in almost all other regions have a mere antiquarian existence, are alive, and not only alive, but sufficiently youthful and vigorous to give birth to new generations of myths, legends, and superstitious usages. Witches and witchcraft are matters of everyday occurrence; water-nixies, kobolds, ghosts, and other spooks of a local nature and with local attributes meet you at every turn; flames may at any moment burst from the earth beneath you, and reveal the resting

place of hidden treasures. There is a lively sense of the proximity of invisible and hostile beings, whose attacks must be guarded against. Every little event has its significance as a sign of future welfare or misfortune. The observance of certain forms secures success or averts calamity; the failure to observe certain traditional formalities, even in their minutest particulars, is sure to bring disaster in its train.

The observance of these forms, on which hangs the fate of life, begins before life itself. Should the pregnant mother look through a crack, the child she bears will squint; should she weave, the child will be lame; should she steal wood from the forest, the child will be a thief; should she suffer from unsatisfied hunger, the child will hunger. There are a thousand and one things which she must carefully avoid doing, and another thousand and one which to do is imperative upon her.

The baptism of an infant is an occasion

about which a peculiarly large number of such observances cluster. There must be at least two god-mothers; of these the elder carries the child to church, the younger brings it home. Before the god-parents enter the house on their return, an ax and a hoe are laid before the threshold in case the child is a boy, a broom if it be a girl, over which all must step. This ceremony brings luck. As the god-parent who carries the child steps over she says, "A heathen we carried away, and a Christian we bring back with the proper name, —." Then the child is laid on a table and unwaddled, the god-mother takes a hymn-book, holds it cross-wise over the child, and opens it at random. From the hymn at which it opens a conclusion, more or less definite, is drawn as to the child's prospects in life. A funeral hymn indicates speedy death, but in the case of most hymns of other descriptions a great deal is left to the imagination of the god-parents, or others who are present.

In the popular conception baptism is absolutely necessary to the salvation of an infant's soul, all children who die unbaptized becoming will-o'-the-wisps. But although so important, baptism alone does not appear to be sufficient to rescue the infant from the hands of the Evil One; it is only one charm among many. If a baby is left alone in the house, the Devil may come in and put a changeling in its place. To guard against this, a hymn-book must be placed under the pillow, or some four-footed creature must remain in the room, and this, too, not alone by night, but also in the day-time; for the Wendish Devil does not confine his activity to the night, but takes advantage of the mid-day hour as well. He who has experienced solitude in the fields or woods on a summer's day when twelve o'clock came, and every sound and distant sight of human labor ceased, when the very creatures seemed to vanish, and the trees to fall asleep, and motionless silence reigned over all, disturbed by some uncanny, stealthy movement now and then, whose source remained mysterious and invisible—he who, experiencing this, has felt steal over him inexplicable

dread and apprehension will realize how the Wendish Devil came to roam at mid-day with almost the same activity which marks his midnight rambles. Once having begun to show himself by day, the hour of his power was modified by the analogy of the night to that immediately preceding mid-day.

Between eleven and twelve in the day-time, a woman who has recently become a mother may not leave the house. It is even advisable that she should lie in bed, or, if she does not do that, sit on the bed and repeat the Lord's Prayer. This precaution against the wiles of the Devil she should continue to use until she has been church-ed, for until that time the danger lasts. It is interesting to compare with this Wendish superstition a superstition prevalent among the remnant of the Parsees still living in Persia. Among them until the sixth day following the birth of a child a constant watch must be kept, or else Al, a woman-faced monster, will come and kill the mother and perhaps carry off the child. On the sixth day a still stronger watch is necessary. All the members of the family sit around the mother and keep guard, until the morning of the seventh day, for in the sixth night the bird *Shish* may come, who, if he find the mother unwatched, will murder her and carry off the child. Comparing this superstition with that of the Wends, it seems as though the latter owed its origin, at least in part, to a personification of the special danger which hangs over one that has newly become a mother.

Passing on to the subject of marriage, we find existing Wendish customs reflecting in the clearest manner a period when women were a marketable commodity, and marriage the purchase of a wife; while here and there appears a relic of a still earlier and more unsettled condition of society, when wives were carried off by force of arms. The wooing and betrothal are regulated by custom down to the minutest details, and hedged about by ceremonies and formalities which, if introduced into America, would reduce divorces to a minimum, and probably marriages also.

But to the Wend, accustomed from his childhood to forms and ceremonies, these present no obstacle, or rather, the more numerous the forms the greater appears to be his satisfaction. First comes a ceremonious visit, in which the future bridegroom, attended by a friend, a sort of best man, announces to the young woman of his choice, or perhaps rather to her parents, his intention of courting her.

This is followed by an unannounced visit of the future bride and her parents to the house of the wooer's parents, who are subjected to a scathing cross-examination regarding family affairs and circumstances; not content with which, the invaders pry into every nook and corner, and thoroughly spy out the land. The formal betrothal is a strictly family ceremony, but solemn and binding in a high degree. The bans are published three successive Sundays preceding the wedding; and on the second of the three, the future bridal pair receive the holy communion, followed by examination and instruction regarding the duties of the married state. As a wedding-present, the bride sends to her bridegroom two shirts made by her own hand, and the neckcloth and handkerchief which he is to wear on the day of the wedding; while he, on his part, sends her shoes and stockings, kerchiefs, ribbons, and the like, which she is to use on the same occasion. Two days before the wedding the invited guests send to the house of the bride's parents milk, butter, and cheese. The *towarishki*, or brides-maids, superintend the necessary house-cleaning, decoration, and other preparations for the coming festivities. The evening before the great event which is to revolutionize the whole existence of one of their number, the village maidens gather before the house and sing hymns and songs, some of which would sound to us improperly suggestive, after which they are regaled with cakes, beer, and the inevitable spirits.

Early on the morning of the wedding-day the guests assemble at the house of the bride or groom, according to the source from which their respective invitations proceeded, and partake of a breakfast, the exact character of which, as well as of the meals that fol-

low later, is regulated by custom. Breakfast finished, the bridegroom, with his friends, prepares to go to the house of the bride's parents. But before the procession can start the *pobatreka*, or best man, makes an address to the parents, relatives, and assembled friends, thanking them on behalf of the bridegroom for all their kindnesses, and praying forgiveness for all shortcomings on his part. When the procession, which marches to the accompaniment of instrumental music, ordinarily of the national or doodle-sack order, arrives at the house, the groom waits without, and the *pobatreka* enters alone. He finds the bride's friends assembled about her, and she herself, closely veiled, with her face buried in her hands, as though overcome by grief and fear, seated on the table between her two brides-maids. The *pobatreka* greets the guests, then advances to the table, strikes it with his sword, and demands of the elder of the two brides-maids, "*Towarishka*, how dear is your bride?" The ordinary reply is, "Eighty thalers" (\$60). This the *pobatreka* regards as too dear. Professing to discover first one blemish and then another, he attempts to beat the *towarishka* down. Then, to the amusement of the assembled guests, ensues a duel of coarse wit, which ends in the sale of the bride, after she has been for a moment unveiled, for fifty thalers, five of which are at once paid down. The bride, on her part, now affects a great unwillingness to leave her parents' house, and the *pobatreka*, who, after the price has been agreed upon, is treated with great honor, made to drink a luck glass, and adorned by the brides-maids with colored kerchiefs and flowers, is expected to encourage her to accompany him by depicting the happiness which awaits her as the wife of his friend. Then follows the ceremony of welcome. The elder of the two brides-maids carries out to the expectant groom a wreath, a sprig of rosemary, a white handkerchief, and a glass of warm beer. The handkerchief, which is a present from the bride, he must hold in his hand during the marriage ceremony. The beer he drinks, putting the ornamental glass which contained it in his pocket. The wreath is placed upon

his head, the *pobatreka* taking his hat and wearing it along with his own. The rosemary is fastened in his button-hole. Beer and spirits are then distributed to all the guests, and the immediate friends and attendants of the bride deck the bridegroom's escort with gay-colored ribbons, scarfs, and flowers.

It is now time for the *pobatreka* to lead out to his friend the bride whom he has purchased. He accordingly returns to the house, and presently re-appears, leading by the hand an old hag dressed in rags and decked out with tawdry trumpery, but veiled like a bride. She is made to appear hump-backed by means of a piece of crockery fastened beneath her clothing; and as she advances toward the groom, she caricatures, with grotesque effect, the shamefacedness and bashful unwillingness of a virgin bride. When the groom declares that this is not his bride, the *pobatreka*, feigning surprise at his statement, raises the old hag's veil and examines her face; then, with pretended indignation at the deception practiced upon him, strikes her over the back with a stick, breaking the crockery beneath her dress, and hunts her into the house. The first old woman disposed of, a second is usually brought out and the farce re-enacted. The third time the real bride is at last produced, and after the *pobatreka* has made to her friends and relatives a farewell address, similar to that already held at the house of the bridegroom, the procession moves towards the church.

After the religious rite has been performed, in case the church, as is often the case, is in a different village, the maidens of that village bar the passage from the church-yard with a ribbon, and force the young couple to pay toll, a few *groschen* or a silver *thaler*, according to their circumstances. A similar exaction is made in every village through which they pass. Before the procession sets out homeward, the bridal dance is solemnly performed in front of the church-yard, and the same ceremony is repeated in front of the bride's home on their return. Before entering the house the newly married couple drink beer or milk from a new jug, which is then broken for good luck; and the bride pays a visit to

the stable to conciliate the cattle, in order that she may become a good milker.

Hitherto, we have followed the ceremonies with some degree of minuteness: for the remainder, suffice it to say that the festivities last two or three days, sometimes even a week, the last day's merry-making commonly taking place at the house of the bridegroom's parents. At the end of that time the young couple, with all their household goods and chattels, which, by the way, it is the bride's duty to provide, are moved by the guests into their own home. If that lie in another village, toll is exacted of the procession by the maidens in both places. Arrived at their destination, the young wife lets loose a hen brought with her for the purpose, and in its conduct sees an omen of her future life there. A jar is then broken against the door, the greater misfortune of breach of happiness being guarded against by the lesser one of the breaking of a piece of crockery, on a principle common almost all the whole world over. Then the interior of the house is darkened, and the husband leads his blindfolded wife over an ax laid on the threshold, a ceremony apparently symbolical of the complete trust of the wife in the protection and guidance of her husband, and the severance of her dependence on her parents. Scarcely is she thus installed as a married woman and house mistress, when the village matrons assemble before the house and sing songs of welcome. In return they are treated to beer and spirits, each receives a piece of freshly baked bread, and the young wife has bought herself a matron's rights and privileges. Then begin new festivities, lasting, however, but one day.

There are a great variety of minor superstitions and curious customs, which have been of necessity omitted in the above brief sketch; and indeed, as might be expected among a rude people, some are too suggestive and coarse to permit of notice here. Thursday, not Friday, is the unlucky day. The bride is expected to weep and mourn during the whole period of the wedding festivities; but, on the other hand, on the night of the wedding she must dance, and may

flirt, if she knows how, indefatigably, while her husband is condemned to sit still and look on. During the religious ceremony both the man and woman must have money in their shoes, otherwise they will be in need of money during all their married life. When they kneel before the altar, whichever kneels upon a piece of the other's clothing will rule the house; and much more of the same sort.

Passing on to the usages and superstitions connected with death and burial, one is first struck with the color of mourning, which among the Wends, as among other Slavic peoples, is white. The Wends say that when a man is about to die a star falls from heaven at eventide, and he who rises early the next morning sees it return to its place. If a dead person's eyes open after they have been closed, one of the survivors will soon die—the dead man draws another after him—and a similar calamity results from the falling upon the coffin of earth from the side of the grave. A dying man should not be allowed to lie in a bed, but on straw laid on the bare floor, and afterwards the straw should be burnt or buried in the earth. A window must be opened to permit the soul, which has the form of a white dove, to escape. Once this was forgotten, and the sick man lay a long time dying, but could not die, until at last a white dove came and beat against the window pane from without; then they opened the window, and two doves flew away together. Articles from a dead man's body have peculiar properties. The napkin with which the mouth was bound is efficacious in case of a lawsuit, for which purpose it should be carried to court concealed about the person. The thumb of one who has been hanged enables thieves to open any locks. On the other hand, those whose persons or houses are infested by unpleasant insects may find relief by throwing a specimen of the vermin unperceived into a coffin, that it may be buried with the dead body; the troublesome insects will at once die off.

As was to be expected, the wide-spread superstition that evil-doers cannot rest in the

grave is rife in the Spreewald. Their spirits frequently return in the form of animals. The unaccountable cats which often appear with so mysterious and uncanny an effect in the early evening have given our innocent but nocturnally erratic household pet so bad a reputation, that wise Wendish peasants shake their heads knowingly, and say: "Cats are not all really cats: many of them are the spooks of bad men. One ought never to speak to a strange cat in the evening, or throw anything at it." But it is not only after death that the soul may assume such forms: it has in so far an independent existence that it may during life leave the body, which then lies apparently sunk in deep sleep. Owing to this too great independence, there is a constant danger that the soul may wander too far away and lose itself, or that in its absence some one may seek to awake the soulless body, and actual death ensue. A recent traveler, speaking of this superstition, says that one young woman whom he met placed a vessel of water by the side of her bed, in order that her spirit, if it grew hungry during the night, might refresh itself there, and not wander off and be lost. Sometimes persons possess such power over their spirits that they can of themselves send them out of their bodies. In this case the spirit may be seen to go out of the mouth in the form of a mouse, an insect, or the like, while the body at once falls down as though in deep slumber.

This phenomenon of voluntarily sending the soul out of the body is ordinarily associated with the *Murawa* belief, or with witchcraft. In its usual form, the *Murawa* is the same as the German *Alp*, a malicious spirit which causes nightmare: it is, however, also explained as the momentarily disembodied soul of a living person which, in the form of some small animal or inanimate object, presses upon the sufferer and agonizes his sleep. This form of the nightmare is to be relieved by seizing the creature or object in which the malicious soul is for the moment embodied; and it may turn out that the *Murawa* was one of your friends or neighbors. A young peasant

who was troubled by the *Murawa* seized one night a piece of straw which was just alighting on his breast, and nailed it to the wall. The next morning his betrothed bride hung there dead, with the nail through her head. Another time a wise old woman watched the bed of a neighbor who had long been troubled by the *Murawa*. Soon the unfortunate sufferer began to groan and be distressed in her sleep. Then the old woman drew back the clothing and found a frog in the bed. This she sealed up in a glass jar full of water. Towards morning it died, and at the same time the wife of the next-door neighbor died also; then they knew who the *Murawa* had been. Another time the *Murawa* was a baked pear, which a man bit, and the next morning the mistress of the house was suffering from a severe bite in her ribs. This form of the *Murawa* belief is in reality but one of many varieties of witchcraft, which flourishes luxuriantly among our Wends.

The whole science of witchcraft is contained in the sixth and seventh books of Moses. These mysterious books one meets in Saxon legend as a talisman of the Saxon royal house, the house of Wettin, which the Swedes strove hard to obtain, and which ultimately vanished in a semi-miraculous manner. The great witch-day is *Olpargi*, (German *Walpurgis*) the 1st of May. On the night preceding that day witches enter stables in various shapes, as geese, cats, dogs, rabbits, bundles of straw, and the like, and feed the cows with fodder prepared for the purpose, which gives them power for the ensuing year to obtain the milk and butter which these cows give. On the 1st of May nothing should be lent out of either stable or house, and least of all fire, salt, and dough, for by means of them witches gain power to do injury to the lenders. If a man lights his pipe in your house on that day he must put it out before he leave, for it may be that he is a witch. On the night preceding the 1st of May a man should arm himself with a pitchfork or a sword, and watch in his stable, to drive out whatever may come in.

One time, as two men were keeping watch, about midnight, the stable doors flew open and a goose entered. They caught it, but could not hold it, though they wrenched one wing out of its socket. The next day a neighbor's wife had a dislocated wrist, so they knew she was a witch.

If a witch has once succeeded in obtaining power over the cattle, they are of no more use to the owner. They give him little or no milk, for the witch gets it all. At milking-time she hangs a cord or a cow's tail on a peg in the wall. Through this she milks the neighbors' cows into her own pail. If she milk too long then blood flows, and the cow dies.

A few years ago there was an old woman whom the neighbors knew for a witch, but the pastor would not believe them, and said there were no witches nowadays. Although she had no cows she always had plenty of butter and milk, and went to Cottbus and sold it at the market. When the people still kept on talking, the pastor went to her and offered her money if she would tell him how she got the milk and butter. At first she would not, but when he offered her a great deal of money, perhaps a hundred *thalers*, she hung a cord on a peg in the wall and commenced to milk it into a pail. After a while she would have stopped, but he would not let her. Then blood began to flow from the cord, and the neighbor's cow died. So the pastor saw that she was a witch, and she confessed that she had sold herself to the Devil. Then he prayed with her very often, and gave her the sacrament to save her soul from hell. Before long she died, but before her death the pastor commanded her soul to come back and tell him whether it had been saved. One day a bird flew into his room and sang four times, "Not a finger." Then the pastor said: "Thou bird, I charge thee by God's truth that thou sing the truth. What message bringest thou?" And the bird answered, "I am the witch's soul." So he knew that not even a finger had been saved from hell.

As elsewhere, so also in the Spreewald,

witches smear themselves with toads' fat, ride on broomsticks, (also on magpies) and meet to dance by night. According to some, the place where they meet is a mountain in Bohemia. The ancient political connection between Bohemia and the Lausitz, more especially the Ober-Lausitz, and the national sympathy of race and language, shows itself, among other things, in the tendency to locate stories in Bohemia. One of these, belonging to the category of Sunday myths, hierarchical and allegorical I imagine, in its character, is the following: Once upon a time a Bohemian peasant set out to drag a tree home from the forest of a nobleman on Sunday, when the forester was away and could not see him. His servant said, "That is a sin." But he answered, "The forester is away, and the good God is asleep." Then he sat down on the tree stump and lighted his pipe; but he could not get up again. He had grown fast to the stump, and when

they sawed him off blood ran out of the trunk.

Although slightly altered in form, a large part, if not the majority, of Wendish traditions and sayings are German rather than Slavonic in origin. Any one will recognize something familiar in the saying, when it thunders: "Peter is not at home to-day, his disciples are rolling nine-pins." Similarly, when it snows they say: "Peter's disciples have torn up the bed and shaken out the feathers."

Incomplete as it is, this sketch has already reached the limits of a magazine article; and other customs and folk-lore, if mentioned at all, must at least wait for another opportunity. In conclusion, I will only add the charm most commonly used among the Wends as a panacea against pains of every sort—

"Christ's wounds are three,
They make thee from all pains free."

JOHN P. PETERS.

IS COLOR-BLINDNESS A SURVIVAL?

ACCORDING to the theories of Darwin, many defects or monstrosities now and then appearing in mankind are nothing else than a vestige, a remembrance of old times, where nature, as it were, returns in a freak to some old forgotten habit, some old fashion from ten thousands of years ago. To quote an example: sometimes men are found having on the upper fold of the ear a pointed protuberance, a formation which is normal in some tribes of monkeys. Now, it is claimed by the Darwinists that this point is nothing else than a survival, a reminiscence of the time when our ancestors, in some remote geological period, had pointed ears, like a dog's ear, before they had them folded in the graceful shell-shape of to-day.

Out of every hundred human beings about two or three are unable to distinguish colors properly. This defect of the sight is called color-blindness, and has been known

for a long time to the oculists. Of late years it has acquired public notoriety in consequence of its importance in many practical matters of life. A Swedish doctor, Holmgren, was the man who first saw this importance. In November, 1875, a railroad accident happened in Sweden, caused by a conductor's inability to distinguish the red signal light from the green. It proved to Dr. Holmgren the necessity of guarding against that sort of accidents, by examining the railroad officials, pilots, etc., with regard to their color-sense. The government took the same view, and Sweden was the first country where this control was instituted. Denmark followed; then France, where Dr. Favre stated that out of twenty-four hundred collisions at sea inquired into by him, three hundred and fifty were caused by color-blindness. Even conservative Great Britain joined in the

movement, which spread over most European states, and also has reached America, where, at least in the Eastern States, several railroad companies have had the color-sense of their officials tested.

Although the practical bearings of the question are manifold, and involve much of vital importance to public and private interests, I avoid entering farther into details, as here other sides, the theories of the color-blindness, are to be considered.

Scientific investigations in many countries have shown that the defect is present in about two or three per cent. of mankind, as well in Europe as in America. At the same time they have disclosed the curious fact that everywhere the male sex is much more subject to the complaint than the female. Holmgren found 3.25 per cent. of males, 0.26 of females, color-blind; Magnus, in Germany, 3.5 per cent. and 0.04 per cent.; Jeffries, in Boston, 4.8 and 0.06; in other words, while about four out of every hundred males are color-blind, hardly one out of a thousand females is.

Another result of the investigation was to show that color-blindness is more commonly found among the poor and uncultivated than among the intelligent strata of the population. Fontenay, in Copenhagen, found 3.09 per cent. among the higher classes, and 3.87 among the poorer working-people; Magnus, respectively, 2.65 per cent. and 4.35 per cent.; Holmgren, 3.45 per cent. and 4.54 per cent. Jeffries, in Boston, found amongst two hundred and seven pupils in college only five color-blind, or 1.9 per cent.; while in the public schools from two to six per cent. of the pupils were afflicted. Holmgren found, of one thousand five hundred and twenty-three students at the university, forty-seven, or 3.08 per cent., color-blind; of six hundred and forty-nine factory workmen, thirty-one, or 4.77 per cent.

These results seem to prove that the color-blindness disappears with culture and civilization; thereby explaining, too, why women, who in matters of color are more expert, and for generations have been familiar with the terminology in their occupations,

their dresses, etc., are here decidedly in advance of the stronger sex. In following up this reasoning, we come to the theory, plausible enough so far, that color-blindness is a survival from uncivilized ages; and that it has disappeared as the gradual development and education of our color-sense was progressing, forming new appellations for shades and distinctions of colors not perceived nor noticed before.

The very first who brought out this theory was no less than Mr. Gladstone. He tried, out of the old Greek poems, to prove that the author or authors thereof had been color-blind; and to be sure, the designation of colors is very often lame and incongruous, and not at all as well fixed as we should wish nowadays. With the exception of black, white, red, and perhaps yellow, the Greek appellations hardly cover ours exactly; we find nothing entirely corresponding to our blue and green. Particularly, the last color is hardly mentioned; the word "chloros," now and then occurring, rather indicates the absence than the presence of any definite color, and is better translated by "pale" than by "yellow," as sometimes is seen. Also, Homer's names for intermediate shades of color are used rather promiscuously, and often seem to us somewhat out of place; as an instance, I might take the often-quoted "wine-colored ocean."

Some German philologists, Geiger and others, carried Gladstone's views farther, going back to the old Sanskrit books, and showing that in the Vedas only black and red were properly distinguished, and that only by degrees; as the Indo-German languages developed themselves in their different branches, more and more color denominations were taken up.

Although some rather serious objections were brought into the field against these theories, they were too plausible and too tempting, from a Darwinian point of view, not to be favorably accepted by most scientific men; the more so, as the antagonists had the disadvantage of not being able to try the deductions by crucial, practical tests. The old Greeks and Indians are dead and buried

and out of the way long ago, and now inaccessible to any determination of their real color-sense.

The only rational way left to solve the question is, then, by means of analogies. It is a way not unknown in archaeological researches. Find a people in about the same stage of culture and development as the ancients, with a nomenclature in colors as poor and vague as Homer's or the Vedas, and there is all reason to believe that its color-sense must correspond more or less with that possessed by the old dead and gone races. The experiment has been tried, but as yet in a rather sporadic and not very conclusive way. A caravan of seven Nubians, who visited Berlin last year in connection with a show, were examined by Dr. Cohn and Professor Virchow. They wanted correct appellations for most colors, and employed the same Arabian name for blue and green; nevertheless, they showed, when put to the test, a very good color perception. The same result was got by examining some Laponians, also visiting Berlin in a traveling show; and Dr. Almgust, who was a member of Nordenskjöld's Vega Expedition, found the Tschuktsches, a Siberian nomadic tribe, in possession of a good color-sense.

During a stay in the Sandwich Islands I thought that a competent investigation of the color-sense of the Hawaiians might help to settle the question, particularly as I found the natives, or Kanakas, to be a race well adapted to try the relations between color denomination and color-sense. Although to a certain degree civilized, they still preserve their own language and national characteristics, showing the marked taste for glaring and pronounced colors which they share with other races in a primitive state, and which has been quoted as a proof of the dull and undeveloped color perception those races were supposed to have. Their language is particularly poor in names for colors. *Keo-keo* (white), *eli-eli* (black), and *ula-ula* (red) are the only ones exactly corresponding with our color-scale. *Mele-mele* is yellow, but often used for greenish and other light shades, and is on

other Polynesian islands applied as the name for green. *Uli-uli* means everything from dark green to dark blue. The sky is *uli-uli*, and so are the dark-leaved koa-trees. Grass-green is expressed by *o-mao-mao*, *mao* meaning grass, and the word is hardly a true color-name. Besides these six, no other color denomination is known in the Hawaiian language, and even these are used very vaguely and rather promiscuously, perhaps with the exception of the first three. Intermediate colors, as brown, orange, violet, or mauve, are either given up as having no particular name, or go by the name of black or red. A modern word, *plu*, borrowed from English, is now acclimatized and used for blue, particularly in its lighter shades.

When I went to work trying the color-sense of the Kanakas, employing Holmgren's test with samples of colored yarn, I was first struck with their awkwardness in the nomenclature of colors. Red was almost the only one they were sure of, and even that name was often extended to yellow and violet. Where English was understood, the English names were applied with much more sharpness and distinction than the native ones; but even here there was generally much confusion; blue and green especially being misapplied. So much the more I was surprised by their showing a particularly keen color-sense, as soon as they had comprehended what was wanted of them. Although not able to distinguish green and blue by name, they would pick out all my shades of green, from the darkest myrtle-green to the very palest, as nicely as any lady in a millinery shop; and the number of color-blind persons was also curiously small, as compared with the percentage among the white race.

Out of four hundred and ninety-seven persons examined, five were found color-blind, or about one per cent. But this proportion is particularly small, when we consider that most of those examined were males. The five color-blind were found among three hundred and ninety-four males, giving only one and a quarter per cent. for this sex;

while out of one hundred and three females examined, not one was found color-blind.

I admit that the number is rather small to base an exact result as to the percentage upon; but enough to show what I intended to find out. I think that by this series of investigations it is shown, to evidence, that there is no relation between the development of nomenclature, or denominations of color in a language, and the real, positive color-sense of the people speaking that language.

Even dumb animals are able to distinguish colors, as any mad bull will prove to satisfaction, although it certainly takes a pretty glaring color to act on his nerves. Any theory about color-blindness in our remote ancestors, as based upon their clumsy and faulty application of the names of colors, is inadmissible. The only thing proved by those philological inquiries is, that the colors of longer wave-length, commencing from the red end of the sun spectrum, have been the first to make impression, not on the senses, but on the mind of man, and consequently the first for which he found appellations; by degrees, the colors of shorter wave-length,

green and blue, have been taken into consideration; violet, the last of them, being even nowadays somewhat unfamiliar to uneducated people. But as to the color-sense itself following the same course of development, it is not at all proved; and although it almost seems a pity to destroy and discard a theory so plausible and so fascinating to a Darwinian turn of mind, we must do it. It is most likely that the ancient nations, like the uncivilized races of to-day, have had as sharp a color-sense as eye-sight; and the color-blindness must be ranged, not with the survivals, the casual reminiscences of a former normal state of things, but with any other defect of the visionary organs, as myopia or hypermetropia. The fair sex might find it particularly hard to part with the theory of Gladstone and the Darwinists, because now it cannot claim its relative immunity from color-blindness as a proof of a more advanced development and a higher place in culture. Some other explanation must now be found for the fact. Perhaps physiological experiments and researches will be the way through which we are most like to find a solution of the problem.

E. PONTOPPIDAN.

A SUNSET SONG.

WITH morning's freshness lusty loud we cried,
"O, give us strength to wander wide

Till eventide!"

At noontide heat, with self so deep inwrought,
We panted wildly, gave no thought

To eventide.

The strength of morn, the noontide heavy heat,
Are past. Comes rest to weary feet

With eventide.

Most grateful lights upon the mountain-side,
And tenderest shadows there abide,

At eventide.

The happy days of life their luster bring,
To cheer our moments while we sing

The eventide.

Life's inmost self this latest blossom shows;
And to perpetual morning grows

Our eventide.

B. P. WALL

THE MUSIC-TEACHER'S SWEETHEART.

I.—THE MUSIC-CLASS.

I WAS slowly pacing the wharf at Mobile, watching the small craft sent homeward by the sinking sun, when I noticed, without looking away from the sea, that a man was walking beside me. Being somewhat scornful and independent—perhaps too proud—I secretly resented the freedom of the man's conduct in presuming to accompany me in my walk without having become acquainted with me. I walked steadily and composedly on, not noticing him, and not even deigning to make any maneuver to be rid of his company. Presently, by way of introduction, he suggested, in a small, timid voice:

"The ships are coming home."

This random remark was evidently addressed to me; but I ignored the speaker, pretending not to hear him. I did hear him, though. That voice, above all others, conveying so timid an appeal, should have sunk into my heart. Failing in this attempt to attract my notice, he grasped me by the sleeve in a manner that conveyed an apology for the liberty he took, and said, in the same timid voice:

"My dear sir, you certainly will fall into the water if you walk too near the edge."

I turned upon him then with a scowl, and with harsh words rising for utterance; but upon seeing his face I checked myself.

Worse than any malady of the flesh; worse than insanity; worse than the rankling of an outraged conscience; worse than bloody writhings under the lash; worse than hunger; worse than the agony that torture brings; worse than death; worse than the damnation hurled in thundering threats from velvet-covered pulpits;—worse than these all, because sadder and more pitiable, stood before me, and appealing more strongly to the heart than all—the wreck of a mind. Imbecility looked placidly out from the calm, patient eyes,

conscious of everything but its own existence; knowing not even the purity and goodness and human holiness that it had; ignorant of the fact that with the mind had gone, also, all selfishness, all avarice, all unseemly ambition, all hatred—all the baser traits that belong to the ripe development of mental vigor, and that crush into the dust those nobler things that make the soul. The shadow cast by mind was lifted, and humanity stood revealed. The woman, with everything gone but her endearing weaknesses and untiring love; the man, stripped of his outward vestment of harshness and unhappiness; the child, with nothing but its artlessness—stood before me in the falling night; while the vessels moored in the dock, and the night-wind came up from the gulf, and shadows stole out upon the water and mingled with others that came up out of the sea.

"I thank you," I said kindly, extending my hand.

He gave me his hand with some hesitation—not, I think, because he feared me, but because of his natural timidity.

"I might have fallen," I added, seeing that he hesitated and was confused.

"Yes," he replied, in his quiet, smooth, musical voice; "and if you had fallen you might have drowned."

I believe I then understood his nature and knew his longings. He was shut out from the great home of humanity. The mad world, rushing by, thrust him aside as useless for its selfish purposes, and left him by the wayside desolate and alone, without a friend to hear his sorrows, without a hand extended in friendship, without a look of encouragement, as he quietly worked out the problem of his life. My heart went out to him that night. I had rather have such a man call me "friend" than be the favorite of a king.

He was shy and cautious, and secretly

and by force of habit mistrusting; but I encouraged him, and soon he spoke to me with some self-confidence.

He was rather a small, slight man, not yet forty years of age; his dress was faultlessly neat, and there was an air of refinement about him, showing itself in the chaste language he employed, and in the shy self-respect he betrayed, that convinced me he had been reared with care. His hands were small and white; and his face, on which he wore a carefully trimmed mustache, was nearly handsome.

We soon became well acquainted as we strode arm-in-arm upon the wharf, and I asked him what his business was.

"I am a music-teacher," he said with a deprecating air, but with absolute honesty.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, unable to conceal my astonishment; for how could such a man teach music?—and who would be his pupils?

"Yes," he said, not noticing my surprise.

"What do you teach?"

"Songs, dances, operatic music, and the like."

"Vocal and instrumental, then?"

"No: simply vocal."

I was at fault as to the proper procedure in fathoming this mystery.

"Have you many pupils?" I asked.

"I have twenty-three now," he readily answered; "I had twenty-four yesterday, but I sold one this morning."

"Sold one?"

"Yes."

"At what price?"

"Fifty dollars."

His answers were so ready, and evidently so honest, that I believed he suffered under a hallucination.

"Is not that rather a low price?" I asked, cautiously feeling my way.

"Why, no!" he exclaimed, with a quick look of surprise. "I don't know any other teacher that can get such a good price. Sometimes I get seventy-five dollars. Surely, you never bought any that could sing well."

I confessed that I had never bought any

at all, and that I thought I would not know what to do with one if I should do so extraordinary a thing as to make such a purchase. It occurred to my mind that this mild-looking and ingenuous creature might in reality be one of those fiends who kidnap children, train them as musicians, and sell them to blind beggars. The suspicion was unworthy of me, but it forced itself upon me.

"Who buy them?" I asked.

"O, people who can afford it."

"Showmen and the like?" I suggested.

"O no! They have no use for them."

"Beggars?"

"No!" and he laughed with quiet glee—the first smile I had seen on his sad face.

"Why, how could beggars afford them?"

"But some beggars are rich," I argued.

"Are they? Then why are they beggars?"

I explained that they sometimes pretended abject poverty; but he could not comprehend such duplicity; nor did he know what I meant when I insinuated that they frequently carried with them, to sing and play for the money of the benevolent, children that had been trained for the purpose. Suddenly he turned upon me with the request, seemingly heretofore overlooked:

"Will you come to my house with me?

If you will, I'll show you my pupils."

"Certainly," I responded; and we started. "But do you keep them at your house all night?"

"Yes: I have to keep them locked up, or I would lose them. The whole school would either run away or learn bad habits. I have to be very strict with them, but I try not to be cruel; for I speak kindly to them, and give them everything they want; and I am sure they love me very dearly. O, I like to teach them, although once in a while I have one that isn't as good as he might be." He said this with a very confidential manner, that conveyed an adjuration of the profoundest secrecy. "I have one now—Tom—first-rate fellow, but just a little stubborn. For instance, when I am trying to make him learn a certain song—'Home, Sweet Home'—he will frequently refuse to sing at all. The other day I was trying

to make him sing it, and he would pretend to try, and then he would be quiet a while, and then suddenly he would burst out with some other song he had already learned. Well, of course I have to correct him. I wouldn't seriously ill treat him for all the world; and he has more intelligence and talent than any of the others; so I starve him half a day. That always makes him behave better. What I desire above all things is to have him learn 'Home, Sweet Home,' and sing it correctly. Tom has sense enough to learn it, if he would; but he seems to be determined not to learn that song. You see, it is very difficult for him, because it is slow and tender. He is young, and nothing pleases him but wild, rollicking songs. That's the kind that people generally want to hear, though; but I want him to sing this for my own gratification, for I wouldn't sell Tom for any price. Sometimes he can catch the notes well enough, but he sadly murders the modulation, and always gets the song too fast. That's the main trouble."

And thus he prattled on in his childish way, and all the time I was trying to solve the enigma. He carried me into a district with which I was not familiar. The narrow streets, and quaint houses with tall, tottering walls, told of the old French town, and of desertion and decay. A few bats flew in and out through small windows innocent of glass. Long grass, wet with dew, lined the narrow walk, and set cunning traps for the unwary step.

The moon shone with unusual brightness. Save the howling of a dog not very far away, no sound penetrated the solemn silence of that deserted street.

We stopped before a house much like the others. My friend carefully drew a great iron key from his pocket, as if afraid it would break, and opened an iron door red with rust. It was very dark within; and it was with many stumblings that I made the perilous ascent of a flight of rotten stairs. We entered a large and gloomy room, which was the humble home of my friend. At my request he did not light a lamp, as the moonlight streamed through the windows,

dimly illuminating the poor appointments. A feeling as if I were in the midnight haunt of spirits bore oppressively upon me, and I drew my chair nearer the window, through which the southern breeze came softly.

I did not see a trace of music-pupils, and I asked my companion:

"Where are your pupils?"

"I keep six in a room, and have them in several rooms. You see, I rent this entire floor."

"No one lives with you but your pupils?"

"No one," he answered sadly. Then two tears trickled down his cheeks. "Perhaps I would not be alone if I had been a better man. Once I had dreams of a happy home, with a bright face to gladden my life—but it was all my own fault. People don't like me," he added in tremulous tones. "They think—they think—" and he hung his head and hid his face from me—"that I am crazy."

"They should not think that," I said.

He looked up at me with a half-reassured expression in his eyes, and pitifully asked:

"Do you think I am?"

I shook my head.

He looked his gratitude, and then leaned back in his old worm-eaten chair, and sighed painfully. He did not speak for a long time. He was far away in that mysterious land of reverie and dreams known but to those who grope in the dark highways of benighted intellect, close upon the outer confines of heaven.

"Are you ever lonely?" I presently asked. He roused himself, and answered:

"Not now—not while you are with me. You are so good to me! Your voice is so kind and tender! Oh, if you could like me only a little, I should be so happy!" and he buried his face in his hands and wept like a child.

I do not know how it was, but certainly my sight was dimmed. I put my arm around him, and told him to trust me and be my friend.

He repressed his sobbing, and then suddenly he straightened himself, raised his hand with a warning gesture, and whispered:

"Listen!"

The glorious song of a mocking-bird broke the stillness of the night—rang through the gloomy corridors like a pæan of wedding-bells; chased out in confusion upon the lonely streets grim ghouls and unseen gnomes that lurked in ghostly corners; poured in through the open windows facing the sea, and lighted the dreary room with the brilliancy of song. It ceased.

"That's Tom," said my friend.

"Your pupil?"

"Yes."

"Then they all are mocking-birds?"

"Yes. Didn't you know that? Why, I thought everybody knew it!"

II.—THE SWEETHEART.

I visited him day after day, and we had long strolls together. It was with great interest that I watched his manner of training the birds and his treatment of them. I do not believe they knew his demented condition; but certainly the attachment they had for him, which was fully reciprocated, was the strongest and most tender that I ever saw between a human being and creatures of a lower order. I account for this partly by the fact of his great kindness toward them, and partly by the other fact that there was less to separate him from them than usually exists; that his unconsciously borne weakness raised them, in his view, to a degree of intelligence reciprocally high; that consequently, occupying more nearly than usual the same plane, there was more companionship between him and them than there would have been had he occupied the natural position of man in dominion over lower animals; and that, as compatible companionship begets love, he and the mocking-birds mutually loved through the mysterious workings of affinity. But there was also much of the father in his manner toward them. He provided them with food, hunting the markets or the fields in summer for choice berries, and buying for them in the winter every delicacy he could find.

Frequently they were very headstrong and unruly; but with untiring patience, and

sometimes with a little severity—such as speaking harshly, or withholding their food for a day—he would bring them into willing submission. He was always kind, but never lenient; always firm, but never tyrannical; always the father, but never the master.

He taught them with a flute. He would play part of a song over and over—hundreds of times—demanding silence while he played, and permitting them to sing nothing else when he finished. With the exception of Tom, on whom he bestowed especial pains, he drilled them in classes of six, these classes being made up with fine discrimination as to the special temperaments and musical powers of the birds. Each class had a separate room, so that one class could not hear the other, with the exception of Tom, who enjoyed considerable freedom. This precaution was necessary, as one class, overhearing the song of another, would instantly seize upon the new melody and tear it to fragments, having not been thoroughly drilled in it. If they too often heard strange notes, these would be wildly and indiscriminately thrown into songs already learned.

My friend was very shrewd, and a close observer. One day he said to me:

"A mocking-bird has no idea of time and system. He learns nothing by method, but everything by practice."

It was eternal watchfulness on the teacher's part that made the birds trained songsters, singing ballads, dances, and operatic songs, instead of the twittering and rollicking *pot-pourri* of the native wilds—a medley of the songs of other birds, themselves outdone in their own performances by the light-hearted minstrel of the woods.

Let a pupil sing at any time a theme that was not his lesson, and a sharp word from the teacher would hush him at once, and a few notes from the flute would start him aright. When one song had been drilled into a class for several weeks and until it was thoroughly learned, another lesson was given. Then came unceasing trouble, as the pupils would sadly mix the two; but patience would conquer it all; and at the

end of two years, when a pupil had sown his wild oats and settled down to a realization of the grave responsibilities of life—when the reckless and exuberant spirit of youth had mellowed into the soberness of manhood, and the enthusiast had merged into the artist—the bird musician could sing four songs, and was worth fifty to seventy-five dollars in the market.

It was not long before I noticed a strange and altogether unaccountable practice of my friend's. He was a miser. This fact, with all the suffering that it entailed in separations from his feathered friends, caused me great wonder, which had its origin in the deep love that he had for his birds, and the great grief that it caused him to part with one. I have known him to pay stealthy nocturnal visits to birds that had been taken many miles away; and once he was shot at for his trouble. Yet he sold them as soon as he could get them ready, and he always had in training as many as he could attend to. His wants were very few. He did his own cooking, washing, and ironing. He was scrupulously neat, but he had no fine clothes. He provided his table with only the cheapest wholesome food, and abstained from luxuries.

The fact that he was miserly contradicted his whole nature, and every other circumstance of his life. There never was a more generous-hearted man; for once, to test him, I pretended great need of five hundred dollars. The next day he placed a thousand dollars in my hand, and was much grieved when I declined to take it, until I told him I had made other arrangements.

And thus the days went by, while our friendship constantly strengthened. The glorious summer had passed, and the vanguard of winter came in the chilling winds of November. One day I found him sick with pneumonia.

"You are very sick," I said; "I must bring a doctor."

"I can't afford it."

"You have money."

"Yes; but I had rather die than spend it. There is enough now for it to do some good ;

but if I squander it on myself it will take so long to make it again!"

But I pleaded with him, telling him that with life prolonged he could greatly increase his hoard; and at last he yielded.

I summoned a physician. Two days afterward he told me that the case was a dangerous one. We did all we could for him. The fever rose and burned him. I watched him day and night, and carefully obeyed his instructions concerning the birds.

At length the physician told me that if there were anything to arrange it should be done without delay. My heart sank at this. Through all his illness the patient sufferer had not once complained, and his helpless condition had drawn me so much nearer to him that I could not give him up.

The time had now come when the secret of his life must be known; when the terrible causes that laid a bright mind in the dust should be discovered; when the object of his hoarding should be found. There was nothing to sustain him in battling with the malady. There was nothing that rendered life dear. There was nothing for which to live, but something to be gained by dying. I hoped and believed that in the solving of the mystery lay the only remedy against death—the only thing that would make him struggle against the disease and fight for life.

"I have not abandoned hope," the doctor said. "You may wait until to-morrow."

I dared not wait. The task before me might be difficult, and I must begin at once. Would it frighten him to know that death was near? Certainly not; and then the knowledge, and what it might develop, might save his life.

I broke it gently to him. He was very thoughtful, but not alarmed. I asked him kindly, "Is there not some one in all the wide world you would like to see?"

The only reply was some tears that trickled down his cheeks, and then a look of intense anxiety came into his face.

"You have been saving your money for some one," I said.

He made no reply.

"If you die we must know whom to give the money to."

The anxious look became intensified as he struggled helplessly against the inevitability of his secret being exposed.

"You know you can trust me," I said.

He pressed my hand, and his breast heaved with sobs; and then he drew my face nearer him, and whispered a woman's name.

I expected it, and it told me all. It told me that a noble life had been wrecked by a heartless jilt, unworthy the touch of his honest hand, unworthy to kiss the hem of his garment, weak only that she might be cruel, cruel only that the malevolence of cruel intent might raze to the ground that which God had set upright—idly malicious and pleasureably mean.

"Where is she?" I asked.

He gave, no answer.

"Is she in this city?"

Still no answer.

"Do you think she would like to see you?"

He wearily shook his head.

"Would you like to see her?"

He would not say.

"Have you seen her recently?"

"Not in fifteen years"; and a shudder passed through his frame.

I left him with the doctor and stole away, without letting him know my purpose. I hunted the town from end to end, and sent out two or three of those bloodhounds called "detectives." Nobody knew her. We searched the outskirts. She was not there. We traced back my friend's history, and this gave us the clew.

The night was far gone when, with sinking heart and tottering limbs, I entered, with one of my men, the old narrow streets in the Spanish quarter, where red-handed crime and low debauchery found a hiding place; and there we found her—found her among the lowest of the low, and of them; found her steeped to the eyes in vice; found her with eyes bleared with drink and face seamed with crime; found her as far from purity as my friend was near it;

found her reaping the harvest that she had sown when she strewed his life in the dust.

I bitterly upbraided her as I tore aside the curtain that hid the past. I heaped condemnation upon her, and revengefully triumphed over her in her fallen state.

She fell at my feet, and lay on the floor convulsed with sobs. That one flood of womanly tenderness was enough.

"Let me go to him," she begged most piteously through her choking sobs. "If I can comfort him in his last moments, let me go to him. I will not say a single low word. I will be as gentle with him as if he were a baby, which he is, they say. I would have gone to him long, long ago, before I came to this, if I had thought he would forgive me; but he scorned me after I fooled him. Do you think he will forgive me now?" she asked in piteous tones, as she clung to my knees and tossed the draggled hair back from her face. "Don't you think he would forgive me if I got on my knees to him, and begged him for the sake of the bright, happy days of long ago, and promise to give up the old life? Oh, he knows what I am, and he would not look at me! He has known it for fifteen years. Oh, it was too cruel that he ever knew it! It was nearly two years after my conduct drove him away, and I saw that he was getting weak in his mind, and I told him about myself, and laughed in his face. You should have seen him then. Poor, poor fellow! He turned white, and then staggered, and then fell unconscious to the ground, and a bloody froth oozed from his mouth. Since that time his mind has never been right."

In recounting these scenes the wretched woman had worked herself into a frightful frenzy. Her long fingers clutched my clothing nervously. Her eyes glared wildly. She raved in the delirium of extreme mental suffering.

"Oh, beg him to forgive me! Beg him to let me see him before he dies. Beg him to let me speak to him, and tell him it will give me so much happiness and make me a good woman again. Tell him I would lay

down my life a thousand times, to save him a single pain. Tell him that the thought of him, and of all that I have brought upon him, has never quit haunting me through the dreary years of my abandoned life; and that my only aim and hope has been to make some atonement."

I was alarmed at her condition. Madness stared from her eyes—the madness that long years of the suffering, hourly inflicted, that an outraged conscience brings about when a great catastrophe impends as a result of wrong.

"I will take you to him," I said, "not for your sake, but his, in the hope that you can save him."

She bounded to her feet, and eagerly said: "I will go!"

She attired herself hastily and nervously, but with care, and she turned her back forever upon the old haunts of crime. We passed rapidly through the town.

I led her softly into my friend's room, and the doctor went away. My friend was asleep. The woman and I sat in silence near the window, and the first soft light of dawn was just tinting the eastern sky with a glow of warmth, when I heard "Home, Sweet Home" stealing softly through the silence, treading lightly and with gentle step into the room. Ah! it differed from a wild, rollicking song that one night five months ago clattered through the corridors, and drove out upon the street every ghost in the gloomy old house!

There was a slight stir at the bed, and I was by my friend's side in an instant:

"Hush!" he said softly; "that is Tom—God bless him!"

Surely enough it was. Surely enough, Tom, after many months of trial and heart-aches he caused his patient teacher, now sang as never bird sang before. I loved Tom for that.

The woman crept forward in my shadow; and as the pathetic melody of Tom's sweet song poured into the room through the windows as a welcome to her, all the long-hidden womanliness of her nature came to light, and she knelt by the bedside, and took the poor shrunken hand in hers and covered it with kisses, while tears of surprised joy trickled down his cheeks; and while she wept as only one can weep in whom the fountain of human tenderness, pent up by the hardening influences of long years of crime, suddenly wells up grandly and deluges with its outpouring.

"Forgive me," she sobbed.

With all his noble, patient heart he forgave her; and he lived.

Well, it is a queer, queer world; but a very, very bright one withal—bright, because sometimes so dark. When the violets cover the hills, and the mocking-bird sings in the wood, I visit my friends, who are married.

And Tom? Nearly blind with old age, but with "Home, Sweet Home" he welcomes me just the same.

W. C. MORROW.

THE VIGILANTES OF MONTANA.

OF the history of the settlement of the Far West, there is probably no chapter which exceeds in interest that which details the struggle between the better and the worse elements of society—of that strange, incongruous mixture of social elements that was brought together by the all-pervading thirst for gold. The early history of all mining

regions of the West has been essentially similar. The stampede to California in 1849 and '50 was repeated, on a smaller scale, a decade later, in Colorado; and in 1863, '64, and '65 in Montana and Nevada. In each case the community contained vastly more than its normal proportion of the worst elements of society; civil government was

slow in formation, from the fact that men of all classes were too intensely busied with money-getting to attend to other matters. The natural result followed: the baser parts of society asserted themselves, and for a time had free sway. When their rule became intolerable, the better elements arose, and, after a contest of greater or less duration, overcame the lawless element, and drove or stamped it out.

The Vigilance Committee of Montana, or, as the members styled themselves, the Committee of Safety, had a task to fulfill that was in many respects far more difficult and dangerous than that of their *confreres* in California and Colorado. They had to oppose a regularly organized band of desperadoes, whose number was large, and whose membership was drawn from all classes of society and all trades and professions. This chapter of history has been read by few, as the region in which the scenes were enacted was at the time one of the most remote in our country, its population very sparse, and its means of communication with the rest of the world slow and difficult.

Settlements were first made in Montana at Bannack and Deer Lodge, in the extreme western part, to which points miners were attracted by the rich placers. Thence they spread slowly over the mountain region of the Territory. A few months after the first settlements were made, in 1863, the enormously rich placers of Alder Gulch were discovered, from which were taken, in an incredibly short space of time, between twenty-five and forty millions of dollars in gold-dust. Then the rush began. In a very few months many thousands flocked to this desolate mountain gorge. Men of all ages and conditions in life, of all trades and professions, of all religions and all grades of morals, met and mingled there. The gulch was filled to overflowing with the human tide. Settlements extended in an unbroken line from the mountains at the head of the gulch to the plain at its foot. The principal ones were Virginia City and Nevada; the one now contains a few hun-

dred people, and the other is to-day practically deserted; but at the high tide of their prosperity they contained thousands of inhabitants each. At that time the few settlements of the Territory were widely scattered, communication between them as well as with the outside world being by stage or private conveyance. Nearly five hundred miles of mountain and plain, entirely unsettled, separated them from Salt Lake City, the nearest outside settlement. A more promising field of operations for stage-robbers, or "road-agents," as they were commonly known, could scarcely be imagined; and these gentry, of whom there were plenty in the country, were not slow in discovering its favorable points, and in working it, in mining parlance, for all that it was worth. They soon found themselves in an organized gang, with headquarters at Bannack, and a membership in every settlement of the Territory. The chief of this band was one Henry Plummer, a man of considerable ability and education, but utterly unscrupulous and merciless. He was noted for his quickness and accuracy with the revolver. He was, however, a man of polite address and pleasant manners, and was extremely popular with the people of the Territory, who elected him sheriff of Bannack and Virginia City—being at that time, of course, ignorant of his connection with the road-agents.

The band included, besides the sheriff, a number of deputy sheriffs, appointed, of course, by Plummer. It comprised, also, men of all professions and positions—mail-carriers, hotel-keepers, lawyers, and officers of banks. The whole Territory was kept under constant surveillance. No one was safe for a moment with any considerable sum of money in his possession; and an attempt to get out of the Territory with treasure involved almost certain robbery and death. Murders became of daily occurrence. It was a veritable reign of terror. No less than one hundred and three men are known to have fallen victims to this gang; while many more disappeared, never to be heard of again. Meanwhile, with

the administration of justice entirely in the hands of the leader of the gang, these outrages were committed with the most absolute safety to the offenders.

Although the existence of this gang was well known, yet for some time the people hesitated to act. The band was known to be very powerful, and was made up of desperate men. The inception of a movement hostile to it would involve terrible risks, not only to those directly interested in the movement, but to the entire community, in case it should fail. The organization was so extensive that no one knew but that his friend or neighbor might be connected with it. A man who was known to have proposed the organization of a Vigilance Committee would be marked for instant slaughter.

But, on the other hand, the condition of things had become unbearable. The murder which finally aroused the people of the Territory to action was in itself in no wise more atrocious than many that had preceded it. It was merely the last ounce, which broke the camel's back. A young man by the name of Tbalt had sold a span of mules, and having received the money, started to deliver the animals. He, however, did not appear with them, and it was believed that he had absconded. It was several days before his body was found; he had been shot, and robbed of money and mules. This took place in the neighborhood of Dempsey's Ranch, not far from Alder Gulch; and the body, when found, was brought into Nevada. The indignation of the people was at once greatly aroused, and immediately a party of twenty-five men was made up to seek the murderers.

They started late at night. Before daylight they reached their destination—a cabin which was supposed to be a rendezvous of the gang—and there arrested two suspicious characters, who were supposed to be concerned in the murder. One of these was George Ives, who, as was afterwards learned, was not only the murderer of Tbalt, but was a lieutenant of the gang, and had been concerned in most of the atrocities that had

been committed. These men, with another who was arrested on the way home, were brought to Nevada. The trial took place on the two days next following the arrest. Counsel was furnished the prisoners, the community being represented by Colonel W. F. Sanders, who immediately afterwards was made chief of the Vigilance Committee. A jury of twenty-four citizens was selected, whose verdict, which was that of a majority, should be submitted to the audience for ratification or rejection. Without going into the details of the trial, it is sufficient to say that in half an hour after the submission of the case to the jury the latter returned a verdict, in the case of Ives, of "guilty"—only one jurymen not concurring. The other two men were acquitted of direct complicity in the crime. This verdict was submitted to the audience, and after a little sharp discussion, was accepted.

Meanwhile, it must not be supposed that the gang was idle. Finding that Alder Gulch was aroused, the members concluded that it would be scarcely safe to attempt forcible measures without reinforcements, so messengers were sent post-haste to Bannack for Plummer, the sheriff and leader of the gang, and to their various rendezvous for absent members. The plan was for Plummer, backed by as strong a force as he could muster, to demand the prisoners in the name of the civil authority, and then to take them forcibly, if necessary.

To forestall this scheme, which had been already foreshadowed by motions to adjourn the court, no sooner had the verdict been approved by the crowd than Colonel Sanders mounted a wagon, and having recited the finding of the court, moved "that George Ives be hung by the neck till he is dead." The motion passed with feeble opposition; and preparations were at once made for the execution. Ives's friends and sympathizers, though present in force, were overawed by the large and well-armed body of miners; and, uninspired by the presence of Plummer, who rightly judged it safest to remain in Bannack, made no attempt at a rescue. The first of the gang was hanged, and with

his death its power was broken. The citizens had openly defied the road-agents, and had beaten them. Almost immediately after these occurrences, in the middle of January, 1864, a Vigilance Committee was formed in Alder Gulch. This had become a necessity. The men who had made themselves prominent as public prosecutors at the trial of Ives were thereafter in the most imminent danger of their lives from the road-agents, and nothing but the most rapid and energetic offensive operations could have saved them. From its inception, it spread very rapidly, and almost immediately was powerful in numbers and in organization. Of course its membership and its deliberations were secret. Trials were conducted in some cases before the arrest of the accused; in any case, he was not present. The verdict was decided by a majority vote of those present, and little time was wasted in the trial or execution. The latter was generally public, although in a few cases circumstances prevented the Vigilantes from emphasizing their acts in this manner.

Thanks to "Long John," one of the men captured with Ives, who turned State's evidence, and made a partial confession, much information concerning the gang was obtained, and the committee had firm ground upon which to stand. A party of twenty-four was detailed at once, although it was in the dead of winter, to go to Cottonwood and arrest, try, and punish the worst of the gang, who were supposed to be living there.

After a difficult and dangerous trip of several days' duration, this party arrived at Cottonwood, only to find that their movements had been watched and reported, and their intended prey had escaped. On their way back, however, they found and arrested two men who were known to be connected with the road-agents—"Red" Yager and Brown. They were taken to Virginia City, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. Before his execution, Yager, who it appeared had been acting as messenger, general informant, and spy for the gang, made a full confession of all he knew, detailing the *personnel* of the band, their posi-

tions, duties, etc. He exposed their secret signs, signals, and pass-words. The names of twenty-four members were given, with the crimes in which each had participated. His confession, while it was much fuller than that of Long John, corroborated it in every important particular.

Their pass-word was "I am innocent." Each member wore a necktie in the form of a sailor-knot, and shaved to a mustache and chin whiskers. These two men were hanged on the night of the arrest, by the party that had arrested and tried them. The deed was done quietly and privately, and was witnessed by few if any besides the Vigilantes.

Upon their return to Virginia City they expected to fight with the gang; but found, to their surprise, that the order of the Vigilantes had been so strengthened by accessions to their ranks during their absence that there was no longer danger of a general outbreak. The news of the uprising of the Vigilantes traveled like wildfire over the Territory, and many of the road-agents took warning in time, and left the Territory without standing upon the order of their going. Others, however, not knowing of Yager's confession, concluded to stay and see the matter through.

The ball once opened, matters were carried forward with the utmost vigor and severity. Measures were immediately taken for the arrest and execution of the principal members of the gang. A detail of four men was sent over to Bannack, to co-operate with the citizens of that place in the arrest of Plummer and such other road-agents as might be there. Upon their arrival they found, at first, no one to co-operate with them. A Vigilance Committee was, however, organized at once, and the orders, transmitted from Virginia, were immediately carried out. Three of the leading spirits, Plummer, Stinson, and Ray, were arrested, the whole thing being so sudden and unexpected that no resistance was made. They were hanged without form of trial, their guilt having been conclusively proved before their arrest was decided upon.

The next victim of the Vigilantes was Joe Pizantha, a Mexican. An attempt to arrest him resulted in the murder of one of the Vigilantes and the wounding of another. The prisoner was, however, secured, and though badly wounded, was forthwith strung up to the nearest tree; and hanging there, served as a target for the revolvers of the maddened representatives of law and order.

Another man, one "Dutch John" (Wagner), known to have been connected with several murders and robberies, was the next victim. Shortly after his latest exploit, when the shadows of the Vigilance Committee began to fall upon the country, he decided to insure his safety by a voluntary exile. He had succeeded in making his way down as far as the Snake River Plains, when he was seen and recognized by Mr. Neil Howie, who at once made up his mind to arrest him and take him back to Bannack. This he succeeded in doing almost unaided, reaching that place with his prisoner about the time of the organization of the Vigilantes there. His case was passed upon by them, he was sentenced to death, and was executed.

The scene of the drama then shifts to Virginia City. On the evening of January 13th, 1864, the Vigilantes in that place decided upon executing forthwith six more members of the gang, against whom the evidence was overwhelming. These were Bill Hunter, Jack Gallagher, Frank Parish, George Lane, Boone Helm, and Haze Lyons. The first of these, suspecting danger, escaped during the night, evading the cordon of pickets which had been stationed around the town by creeping along a mining ditch. The others were arrested quietly and without trouble, on the following morning, and they were forthwith hanged to the beams of an unfinished building, at the corner of Wallace and Van Buren Streets, in the presence of the entire body of Vigilantes and of most of the inhabitants of the gulch.

On January 15th, shortly after the executions above related, a band of twenty-one Vigilantes started off to scour the country,

and pick up certain notorious characters who were known to be in hiding, waiting for the storm to blow over. They traveled with the greatest rapidity, averaging sixty to seventy miles per day, and met no one on the road; yet in most cases they found that the prey had flown, information of their movements having been in some way furnished. However, on the first day from Virginia, they captured the notorious Steve Marshland, and closed his career. At the town of Bighole, where they expected to find a number of members of the gang, they learned that most of them had left, going over to Hellgate. They, however, found two suspicious characters, one of whom was hung at once, the other being set free, as the evidence was not sufficient to convict him.

At Hellgate and in its vicinity they captured five members of the gang—Skinner, Carter, Zachary, Cooper, and Shears—and at Fort Owen, in the Bitter-root valley, a man by the name of Graves. All these were tried, convicted, and promptly executed.

At the time of the execution of Boone Helm and his four comrades in Virginia City, the sixth man, Hunter, whose death had been decreed, managed to escape. It was shortly afterward learned that he was staying at a cabin on the Gallatin River, about twenty miles above its mouth. A party of four men was sent to arrest and execute him. As it was in the dead of winter, the trip was one full of hardship and danger; but it was successfully carried through, and another of the enemies of law and order was no more.

The fate of their companions in crime thoroughly overawed the remainder of the gang of road-agents. A large proportion of them incontinently left, while the few who may have remained did so at the peril of their lives, and have never since appeared to have any disposition to indulge in their former pursuits. The moral atmosphere of the Territory was thoroughly purified; and, since the storm, individual rights have been as safe in Montana as in the oldest and most densely settled parts of the Union.

HENRY GANNETT.

AMONG THE BASQUES.—III.

THE origin of the Basque people is covered with an impenetrable veil. It was believed by the old Spanish historians that the Basques were the first inhabitants of Spain; that it was in the Basque country that Tubal, son of Japheth, established his kingdom, and that from there went out various colonies in different directions that peopled the Iberian peninsula. Mariana commences the first book of his *Historia General de España* by saying: "*Tubal, hijo de Japhet, fué el primer hombre que veno á España.*" But this statement appeared to be upon the authority of Flavius Josephus, the Jewish historian, who wrote at the end of the first century of the Church, and more than two thousand years after the event of which he wrote, without giving his authority. The padre Molino of Estella procured a copy of this work for my inspection. In chapter viii. of the first book of the Spanish edition of the *Antigüedades Judaicas*, "Flavio Josepho" says: "*Thobel señalo asiento á los Thobelianos que al presente son los Iberos.*"

The Basque provinces of Biscay, Alava, and Guipuzcoa were never conquered by the Moors. The latter entered the kingdom of Navarre, but they did not hold possession of any towns beyond Pamplona, and only occupied that place for about twelve years.

When at Castelis in Navarre, I observed around the necks of some persons of fair complexion an almost imperceptible natural ring of a reddish hue. The *cura*, Don Hilario Utego, to whom I applied for an explanation, gave me substantially the following relation:

"The young persons of whom you speak are lineally descended from the defenders of this place against the Moors. It was in the beginning of the eighth century. Castelis was then a walled town of importance. From Pamplona came a great body of the infidel troops, who laid siege to the town. All knew

that within a few days at most the place must fall, and that the men would be butchered and the women and children led into captivity. In this emergency the inhabitants went to the church, and there prayed for two days and nights that the Almighty might tell them what to do. At the end of that time a voice was heard from above the high altar, commanding the men to cut off the heads of their women and children, and then to march against the Moors and die combating them in defense of the Christian faith.

"The first part of the command was literally obeyed, but the fury with which the besieged attacked the infidels surprised and defeated them. The Saracens fled, panic-stricken, to Pamplona. After the battle, the victors returned to the church and prayed for two days and nights that their women and children might be restored to them. This, by a miracle, was accomplished, and the lineal descendants of the defenders of Castelis have borne a ring of red around their throats to this day." The inhabitants with whom I spoke believed this story; it was a part of their faith.

Was this caprice of nature produced by explainable natural causes? It has been noticed that among a superstitious people of deep religious convictions the thoughts, hopes, and fears of mothers' hearts, and their imaginations of things they wait for, with the perturbations of the mind, mark their children, as surely as every man, unless he be a god or a block, has born and bred in him passions and perturbations which he has from his parents by inheritance. *Maxima vis est phantasia*—Great is the force of imagination! The classical reader will remember Persina, that Ethiopian queen in Heliodorus, who, by seeing the picture of Perseus and Andromeda, instead of a black-amoor had a fair white child. In imitation of this, a Grecian, because he and his wife

were both deformed, hung the fairest pictures he could buy in his chamber, "that his wife, by frequent sight of them, might have such children." And one of the women of Pope Nicholas the Third, "*ex viso urso, talem peperit*," by seeing a bear, gave birth to a monster. Jacob the patriarch, by force of the imagination, made speckled lambs by laying speckled rods before his sheep. So I believe that the phenomenon of the red ring must be attributed to nothing else but a false, corrupt, and violent imagination.

In speaking of the Basque country and its inhabitants, it becomes necessary to give some account of the Basque *fueros*: some explanation of those particular rights in defense of which the people have waged many long and sanguinary wars.

Navarre and the Basque provinces were, on the adoption of their *fueros* as a code of laws, divided into the kingdom of Navarre, the earldom of Biscay, the brotherhood of Alava, and the republic of Guipuzcoa.

In the eighth century, the Basques of the high mountains, and a considerable body of men from French Navarre, organized a crusade against the infidels on the north side of the Ebro, and met in the Navarrese valleys. After the battle of Arashuet, Inigo Arista was chosen general. A miracle accompanied the victory of Arashuet. A cross appeared in a tree where Inigo was reposing, and he was proclaimed king of Sobarbe. This was the origin of the kingdoms of Navarre and Aragon. In the ninth century the kingdom of Sobarbe was divided into the earldom of Aragon and the kingdom of Navarre. The kingdom of Sobarbe had from the first its celebrated *fueros*, which were adopted in Navarre.

In the thirteenth century the Cortes of Estella formed these *fueros* into a code of laws, which was submitted to the pope for his indorsement. These *fueros* provided that the king could make no law, or do any important act, without the participation of certain "rich men," military officers, priests, and deputies. When, in the year 1812, Ferdinand the Catholic took possession of the kingdom, he recognized all its *fueros*. A

viceroy was appointed, who presided over the general assembly, but that body would never proceed to business until all their wrongs had been redressed; and the viceroy was obliged to take an oath that he had not intentionally encroached upon any of the rights of the people.

The Biscayans formed with the Asturians and the Guipuzcoans the ancient Cantabrians, but in the eleventh century they acknowledged allegiance to the king of Navarre, as the Guipuzcoans had already done. In the middle of the thirteenth century the Biscayans met under the Tree of Guernica, to provide for the protection of their *fueros* from the encroachments of the court of Biscay. A hundred years later, the Biscayan *fueros* were formed into a regular code of laws. The general junta assembled every year under the Tree of Guernica, and every town was represented by a deputy. Among the privileges secured by the *fueros* were those of nobility, on showing pure Biscayan blood; not to be judged out of the province; to pay no import tax; to have no monopoly of sale; not to have any royal administration but the post-office; to have no Spanish troops upon their soil; and to furnish no soldiers, but to defend their own territory themselves; and they were to judge the agents of the king, who were charged with encouraging vexations or bribery.

Instead of a viceroy, Alava had a deputy general, who was the first dignitary in the province. He was the governor and supreme judge, and presided at the provincial assemblies.

The privileges of Guipuzcoa were like those of Biscay. The provincial junta, composed of a delegate from each town, selected four deputy generals, to be taken from San Sebastian, Tolosa, Aspeitia, and Ascoytia, to sit for three years alternately in those places, and the president was the deputy of the town where the assembly met. No Spanish troops were allowed in the province except for the garrisons of San Sebastian and Irun.

The general deputation of the three Basque provinces was composed of one

deputy from Alava, two from Biscay, and three from Guipuzcoa. They had the power to call together the provincial juntas on important occasions. They were guardians of the Basque *fueros*. Three records of all their acts were made, and each document bore the imprint of a seal, with three clasped hands with the Basque device *Irurac-bat*, three in one, emblem of the Basque brotherhood.

The general junta of Biscay commenced an address to Queen Isabella in 1864 as follows: "There is in your vast dominions a poor corner of territory veiled by fogs and battled by the waves. The straight valleys are cut by high and infertile mountains. It appears as if God had only intended it for the asylum of savage beasts, so avaricious has Nature there shown herself of her smallest gifts. In this barren corner has been established a race of which the origin is an impenetrable mystery to human wisdom; and this race, loving God, liberty, and hard work, found in this unfruitful soil the liberty which others have failed to find in other more favored countries. This territory forms the Basque provinces, and the source of their happiness is in those liberties which, from the most ancient times, have animated and sustained them in their labors and privations."

At the Paris World's Exposition of 1867 there was a jury specially charged to recompense the people, institutions, or country that had been most successful in establishing the moral, material, and intellectual well-being of the laboring classes. The Count of Moriana, the Spanish member of the jury, advocated the claims of the Basque provinces. He explained not only their political and administrative liberties, but also their *esprit de famille*, their domestic authority, the understanding and harmony that prevailed between the different classes of society, and the growing development of industry and commerce. In the distribution of awards, after the return of the commissioners sent into various lands, the Basques stood first among the peoples recommended to the jury whose institutions contributed

most to the happiness and morality of the inhabitants.

I found the political situation of Navarre and the Basque provinces an exceptional one; though this was at one time the normal state of nearly all the provinces of the peninsula: each one had its particular liberties, its *fueros*, more or less vast, guaranteed by the oaths of the kings, and the people held them more or less precious according to their origin, and the restrictions under which they had joined the monarchy.

The monarchy of Aragon was born under much the same conditions as that of Navarre. The king was elected by his peers. It was the same with Valencia, which was conquered by Aragon, and which adopted to a large extent her laws. The primitive code of the Aragonese provided that if the king should ever violate their *fueros*, they might displace him for another king, even though the latter be a heathen. Philip V. undertook to subvert the *fueros*, rights, and privileges of Aragon and Valencia, but these kingdoms resisted his power, and joined his rival, the Archduke Charles, in the great War of the Succession.

For about five hundred years the Spanish Basques have maintained their autonomy against the attacks of absolutism and the central authority. At every abuse of authority, or violation of their *fueros*, Navarre and the Basque provinces united, according to circumstances, with arms in their hands, to resist even the most powerful of the Spanish monarchs. The long series of wars waged against the liberties of the Basque provinces shows, however, that their triumphs were but momentary. The liberal and democratic idea, which inspired them in their struggles with the crown, has been practiced here as in no other country, and the principle of equality and unity has been exercised for nearly a thousand years in a way worthy of imitation.

As an instance of the tenacity with which the Navarrese adhered to their ancient rights, the viceroy, before he could get the Cortes of Navarre to grant him any money,

was required to sign a declaration that all his violations of their privileges had been arbitrary and illegal.

President John Adams, writing upon the American Constitution, said of the Basques, that, "while their neighbors have long since resigned all their pretensions into the hands of kings and priests, this extraordinary people have preserved their ancient language, genius, laws, government, and manners, without innovation, longer than any nation in Europe. Active, vigilant, generous, brave, and hardy, inclined to war and navigation, they have enjoyed for two thousand years the reputation of the best soldiers and sailors in Spain."

Even the Inquisition was never established among the Basque people. I extract the following from a work on Spain, published some years ago in London: * "It is not uncommon, even at this day, to palm off on English credulity the foolish fable about the restoration of the Inquisition in Spain. To disabuse the minds of the uninformed upon this subject, it is only necessary to make a brief reference to the history of the Inquisition itself. It was established at Toulouse in 1229, and was soon thereafter introduced into Aragon. In 1481 it was established at Seville; and Florez, one of the best of the Spanish historians, says that it was introduced as a means to check the errors which had crept into the national faith through frequent intercourse with the Mohammedans and Jews. In the same way it was introduced into Castile by Ferdinand and Isabel, but it was never attempted to force it upon Navarre and the Basque provinces. It had run its career and dwindled into almost nothing, long before it was formally abolished."

Some old memories of glory and riches, an illustrious name in the ancient Spanish chronicles, broken walls and decayed fortifications; and in the center a large plaza surrounded by arcades, deserted palaces, a monument, and a heavy gothic church edifice, cold and damp like a tomb, adjoining ancient walls with battlemented towers;—

such was Orduña as I saw it, a dead city. The advanced sentinel of the Basque provinces, it had for a long time the honor of repulsing the incessant attacks of the invaders. The foundation of Bilbao proved fatal to its glory, and many disastrous conflagrations, like those which lighted up the cities of the Middle Ages, precipitated its decadence. After the Seven Years' War of the first Don Carlos, the establishing of custom-house guards along the frontier, in spite of the *fueros*, and the construction of the railway from Tudela to Bilbao, gave it the *coup de grace*. This ancient city reposes at the bottom of an immense circus; and the summits that surround it are so elevated, and their flanks so abrupt, that the train to reach them is obliged to make a circuit of about twelve miles. From the heights above Orduña, the train descends almost in a straight line, through fields divided by living hedges of wild roses and flowering mulberry trees, and, passing by some small villages and isolated villas, enters the city of Bilbao.

From Bilbao I traveled on foot towards the north. My intention was to avoid, as much as possible, highways and beaten tracks; therefore, I found that traveling on foot was by far the most practicable. It was thus that, following my inclination during the second day, not far from the little village of Munguia, I perceived a dense forest of old oaks and chestnut trees, and in the midst of these deep woods I came upon the ruins of an ancient castle. This was the celebrated chateau of Butron.

Towards the middle of the thirteenth century, following a heated discussion which had been raised during a religious ceremony, a civil war broke out in the Basque country, and all the nobility were divided into two camps—the *Gamboinos* and *Oñecinos*. Like the Guelphs and Ghibelines, each had its own colors, one white, the other black. Whenever there was a public meeting, whatever the object, whether a *fete*, wedding, or funeral, it served as a pretext for conflicts, where blood was spilled in abundance. The family of Gomez, of Butron castle, furnished

* Spain and Charles VII. By Edward Kirkpatrick. London: Burns, Oates & Co. 1873.

the principal chiefs for the *Oñecinos*. It was in vain that the kings of Castile interfered—in vain that Henry IV. gave orders for dismantling the strongholds of the contestants; and the transportation of the principal chieftains to the other end of the peninsula, where they might exercise their warlike prowess against the Moors, caused no interruption to the battles, fires, and massacres, until the lapse of about three hundred years, when Isabel the Catholic put an end to the conflict.

A poor shepherd occupied with his family a part of the first story of the castle; and the immense ground floor, a part of which once served for a banqueting-hall, was used to lodge his sheep. This sole inhabitant of the forest showed me the ruins, and in his humble fashion recounted the terrible events which had been witnessed there.

There was one tower, still well preserved, which was above a deep ravine. One day the lord of the manor of Butron was surprised by two of his mortal enemies, and retired to this tower, which could only be taken by starving out the garrison. Between the tower and wall was discovered a place where numbers of pigeons and other birds resorted. The small quantity of grain which the little garrison had was carefully preserved to catch birds with, and at last the enemy, thinking that the besieged had plenty of provision, raised the blockade and departed.

Ancient history cites many analogous artifices: that of the Romans, among others, who, besieged in the capitol and reduced to the last extremities, in order to deceive the Gauls threw their bread over the walls, and the enemy, believing that the Romans had provisions in abundance, raised the siege. It is a curious fact that one sometimes finds, in a great distance of time and space, a diffusion of fables and legends which establish between minds of different epochs a sort of relationship.

By Plencia to Bermeo I found no road but the mountain paths used by the inhabitants of the country. The dry and rugged mountains were covered with a stunted

vegetation, which was interrupted here and there by rocks made smooth by heavy rains. I followed a small stream along a recess of the mountain until I came to a sharp angle in the chain, where I beheld at a distance, upon a high peak called Mount Machichaco, the hermitage of Saint John of Gastelugache, once an impregnable fortress.

It was a fatiguing climb of three hours, but in presence of the spectacle that I beheld on reaching the hermitage, the fatigue was soon forgotten. To the right and left, separated by the extension of the mountain ridge, vast and tranquil, were the two bays of Bermeo and Baquio.

The fishing village of Bermeo was concealed by a ridge above the town; but, reflected upon the clear water of the bay, could be seen all the houses of the village; and at a greater distance off, at the bottom of the horizon, could be seen, between the milky blue of the sky and the deadening blue of the sea, the flotilla of fishing boats, like a flight of sea-gulls, with their white sails spread, going out to sea.

From Bermeo I traveled along a low range of hills, with their sides covered with fields of wheat and corn, where the farmers appeared to be no less industrious and frugal than the fishermen. I soon arrived at the port of Mundaca, one of the oldest towns in the province. I found families in this district, as in parts of Navarre, who with their ancestors had occupied the same land for more than a thousand years.

I followed the sinuous course of a small river towards the interior, until I came to a plain, which from all sides gradually inclined towards the center; and here was Guernica, a place of no importance in population, for it contained only six hundred inhabitants. But it was the saint city of the Basque provinces. It was here that the Basque congress held its sittings, and here was the palace of the juntas, the building in which the archives were kept, and the basilica of Santa Maria la Antigua, the most venerated of all the Basque churches, the palladium of the liberties of the Basque people. The most

important object, however, was the Tree of Guernica, under which the Lord of Biscay was required to take an oath to maintain the *fueros*. This famous tree, under which the Basque congress had held its meetings from time immemorial, was said to be a thousand years old. People offered up their prayers underneath its branches for the safety of their country, and soldiers in passing rendered it military honors, as the father of their liberties. The eloquence and poetry of the country has done much to make the tree famous. The national hymn of the Basques is called the "Tree of Guernica." I give here a literal translation:

"Tree of Guernica,
Blessed tree,
At the Basque fireside,
Is loved by all.
Throughout the world
Thy fruits are scattered.
We adore thee,
Saintly tree.

"A thousand years ago,
As they say,
God planted
The Tree of Guernica.
Stand upright,
Saintly tree;

If thou should'st fall, we should be
Forever lost.

"Thou wilt not fall,
Blessed tree,
If the congress of Biscay
Does its duty.
The four provinces are united
To sustain thee,
That the Basque people
May live in peace.

"For the blessing of God
Upon the Tree of Liberty,
We prostrate ourselves
On our knees.
Against the tempest,
And against our enemies,
We ask protection
For the Tree of Guernica."

Summer had come and gone, and my time for departure from Spain had arrived. I had spent several months amidst the *debris* of a mysterious race, the first-born of Europe, and learned to speak a strange language, unlike any known tongue; and although the Basques were no longer, as Voltaire once said, *ce petit peuple qui saute et dance au haut des Pyrénées*, I found them a bold and honest people, indefatigable workers, and strongly attached to their families and their country.

EDWARD KIRKPATRICK.

NANNETTE.

ONE burning noon, my girl,
This little shining curl,
That swept my longing lips that summer day,
Was severed from the rest
And hid within my breast;
And laughing lightly then, I turned away
And left you standing there,
The sunshine in your hair.

No more—no more to meet;
For my unwilling feet,
Fate-driven, stand upon the sunset shore;

And you—your radiant brow
May be dead dust by now;
For silent years are saying, evermore,
The light of your dear eyes
Is lost from my sad skies.

And if I loved you, dear,
Without or flaw or fear,
Through all the changes of these shadowed years,
Alive or dead, Nannette,
I know you love me yet;
And if my sorrow is too deep for tears,
Too sad for sighing, you
Must sorrow for me too.

If you *are* dead, my sweet,
And if your shining feet
God's everlasting hills are mounting now,
Come in your robes of light
And touch my lips to-night,
And breathe your spirit breath upon my brow;
And, for I know you true,
I'll know that it is you.

Let whispers of your breath
Say, Love outliving death
Is something more than an immortal pain;
And flashing clear white wings
Above these sufferings,
Shall cease his sorrowing and begin his reign;
That I shall meet you there,
God's sunshine in your hair.

Ah! little curl, you lie
So still that you and I
Might hear her gentle footsteps on the floor.
But these are dreams, brown curl,
Of one who was our girl;
'Twould be less sad to dream them o'er and o'er,
Ah! mercy, if the waking
Were not so near heart-breaking!

M. L. PIPES.

MODERN ETHICS AND EGOTISM.

In these latter days, the place of the world, the flesh, and the devil seems to have been pretty completely usurped by that quality or group of qualities known to ethical exposition as egotism or egoism. Much of the writing and talking on the subject charges the enemy by description, and not by name at all; but it is none the less the same enemy.

As between the two words, "egotism" and "egoism," that are found the most satisfactory for naming him when he is charged by name, the form "egoism" has probably the more claim, not only to etymological correctness, but also to scientific exactness. For "egotism" is a word that has belonged to a less analytic past, which knew no other phase of self-absorption than demonstrative self-esteem, and narrowed the meaning of the word accordingly. And though we now know that this demonstrative self-esteem is only one exhibition—and that far from an essential one—of a vastly more far-reaching quality, the word is not to the general hearer quite freed of association with its limited meaning. On the other hand, the form "egoism" has not made its way. It has a touch of pedantry and affectation; and, on the whole, makes less progress toward establishing itself in the language than the already established form "egotism" makes toward covering the whole ground in meaning.

In a general way, we use the word "egotism" with a fair unanimity of meaning. Words of ethical or other philosophical signification will generally be found to resist the attempt to force them into as precise limitations of meaning as words used for mathematical and scientific purposes: they prefer to retain a certain flexibility to adapt themselves to the different ways of looking at the same thing. In science, there is room only for difference of opinion; in philosophy, for difference of conception also: the words that state the physical nature of the color blue must bear an

exactly common significance to every hearer; but who shall venture to say how widely various may be the conceptions of blueness in different minds?

When a word, however, is inexact enough to cause confusion in conversation, to hamper one in expressing his opinion of the people and acts that come under his observation—thus reflecting back on his thought, as words will do, its own inexactness—it has gone beyond the line of legitimate flexibility, and is open to the reproach of vagueness. And this we find to be the case with the word "egotism"—a sure sign that there is confusion in the mind about the thing that the word signifies.

Those philosophers who have elaborated a distinct system of ethics, and made use of the word therein, have given it exact enough meaning, and we will revert to them later. But the thinking world, whose consensus makes the definition of a word, will not be bound by any one man's system in its use of a philosophical word, as it would be in its use of a scientific word. As nearly as we can approximate a fair average definition of "egotism" as used by thinking people, it means absorption in self, habitual consciousness of self; yet we often hear persons and actions condemned for egotism in a way that indicates that to the speaker's mind it means all thought about one's self, all inclusion of one's self within one's range of vision: the virtuous man, to him, is he who is spontaneously, unconsciously virtuous; love of mankind, love of God, intellectual enthusiasm, never reach perfection until all consciousness of self is gone from them; the ideal worker in any branch of human usefulness should attain a sort of Nirvana in his work; and to all this self-annihilation, egotism is the foe and the obstacle.

My friend assures me that while our acquaintances, Peter and Paul, are young men

of fairly equal intelligence, Peter is really the stronger man, and has the more capacity of intellectual and moral development. For Paul, he says, is an egotist; at a certain point in his growth he will come to limits set by his inability to see anything entirely disconnected with himself; he never loses himself in conversation and becomes perfectly simple and spontaneous; Nirvana in the book he is reading, the study he is pursuing, the aim he is accomplishing, is an experience unknown to him; Peter, on the contrary, has much capacity of single-minded self-forgetfulness. When Peter is interesting himself in the subject of the origin of species, he is thinking of nothing but the origin of species—he is not conscious that there is such a thing as Peter, nor that he is acquiring new ideas, nor what he is going to do with them; when he converses with you, he is not thinking of you nor himself, only of the things that are being said. As to conceit, Peter and Paul both have their full allowance of that; if anything, Peter has the most of it, and of the more aggressive kind; but he has it in an unconscious, instinctive way, while Paul has evidently weighed and measured himself, and arrived at a pretty comfortable conclusion. As to selfishness, there is no comparison between them: Peter, without considering the question at all, pursues his own will and pleasure as a matter of course; Paul has carefully considered his relations with his fellow-beings, and maintains, if merely as a matter of self-respect, an invariable habit of regard for others' rights, large or small—subject to correction with regard to a small class of rights that it is not in him to see and understand. Yet Paul, rather than Peter, is an egotist. Certainly he comes under what I have set down as the average sense in which the thinking world uses the word "egotism"—that of the habit of thinking about one's self and one's own affairs, and being conscious of one's self: for he probably never entirely loses consciousness of himself, and his own affairs are frankly the main subject of his thought.

It would seem, then, as far as Paul and

Peter are concerned, that a man may be an egotist, and yet a better man than one who is not; that the so-called egotism of thinking chiefly of one's self and one's own affairs is either not evil—is a phase of egotism that lies outside of Ahriman's kingdom, in neutral ground—or, if egotism must be judged wholly bad, then not egotism at all in an ethical sense. Suppose, then, we should limit the application of the word to the "egoism" that George Eliot treats as the great enemy—an indifference to the claims of others, an absorption in one's own desires, such as to obliterate the sense of duty toward anything outside of self? Such absorption in one's self as is displayed in injurious conduct, the moral sense of mankind readily grants to be an evil, and the greatest of evils; it does not accept so readily the evil of the large tract of self-absorption that lies outside the obvious limit of injurious conduct.

But the moral sense of mankind is not penetrating; it names that "sin" which it finds morally culpable, and that "virtue" which it finds morally praiseworthy. Moral culpability, however, is too impossible a thing to judge of, to be made any criterion in ethical discussion; the only distinction between Ahriman and Ormuzd that can be here of practical use is the distinction between the things that are in their results against or for the welfare of mankind.

Therefore we must condemn as practically culpable many a thing morally innocent; nay, more, many a thing in itself practically innocent, but not innocent in its tendency and ultimate result.

According to this more rigid standard, a man fulfills not the whole law because his conduct is righteous, as he understands right; for so long as the *ego* occupies a disproportionate place in his consciousness, his understanding of right is liable to obscuration. His "moral culpability" extends only as far as he consciously or recklessly infringes on others' rights for his own gain; while his practical culpability extends as far as any undue preponderance of self in his mental outlook deranges the true perspective of the

world to him. If Paul, by fault of never entirely losing his consciousness of self, and attaining Nirvana in the Forty-seventh Euclid, has failed to realize the relative importance in the universe of mathematics and of his own personal concerns, his standards of action are in some indefinable but none the less real degree deranged; far more if it be the relative importance of Peter's, Matthew's, or Barnabas's affairs and his own that he fails to realize. It is plain that absolutely correct action depends on absolutely correct views of the environment in which one acts; and, as objects of attention tend to seem important in proportion to the amount of attention devoted to them, one cannot have an absolutely correct view of the universe unless his attention is distributed to each object in proportion to its importance. As in most cases the individual's importance, impartially weighed in comparison with all the other facts of the universe, is infinitesimal, such due distribution of attention would reduce to a practical zero the portion bestowed upon one's self.

To all which calculation the obvious response will be, that "a man has *got* to pay attention to himself and his own affairs," else his action will be far worse deranged than by any wrong perspective of the universe. And the philosopher will answer that this is undoubtedly true; but that for right action, that is, such action as is best not only for one's self, but for mankind in general, it is necessary that the excess of space in the retina occupied by the *ego* should be as little as possible; and that one should be capable, on occasion, of so adjusting his vision as to reduce that space to its proper, bird's-eye proportions.

All this brings us back to where we began: granted that all such egotism as makes one reckless of others' well-being is evil; granted, farther, that too much attention to self is evil, as tending to confuse one's keenness of perception or feeling about others' well-being, through lack of attention—the question still remains, At what point does attention to self become "too much"?

Let us stop to consider where the system-

makers draw their line. Herbert Spencer summarizes all immorality as the sacrifice of the greater remote good to the lesser near one—whether the future to the present, or the well-being of others to one's own; and, like all of Spencer's definitions, this will be found easier to ridicule than to refute. Obviously, the sin of egotism, according to this definition, is limited to such magnifying of self as causes injurious conduct—in the plain language of childhood, 'to selfishness. And this selfishness is, observe, only one-half of immorality, the subordination of future to present being quite as sinful according to the definition. The moral sense of our time, of course, attaches a culpability to the sin against others that it does not attach to the sin against one's own future; and though we have waived the question of moral culpability, it is probable that this feeling of something more seriously and irremediably bad in selfishness than in recklessness does have good foundation. For the latter evil tends to work its own cure by the certainty of retribution: a man may escape another's present; his own future he cannot escape.

George Eliot, who is even a greater ethical philosopher than Herbert Spencer, lays far more stress on the evil of egotism than he does, and extends its application beyond mere indifference to others' good; in her system, egoism apparently means literally all thought and feeling concerning self and one's own affairs; and is evil just so far as it numbs one's interest in things outside himself, and one's sensibility in affairs not his own. All egoism short of this point, with its little outcroppings of conceit or unimportant selfishness, she treats as matters for indulgent humor. Further, she demands of strong and eager minds that they shall be so occupied with altruistic activities, as to reduce the egoistic activities to a secondary position; while of the dull minds she demands only that the egoistic shall not, from their primary place, encroach too far on the altruistic.

Carlyle, though he does not make his whole ethical system turn on this point, yet carries the matter farther in his splendid

protest against valuing one's own happiness *at all*. "Foolish soul! What act of legislature was there that *thou* shouldst be happy? A little while ago thou hadst no right to *be* at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be Happy but to be Unhappy?" "So true is it, . . . that the Fraction of Life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator. Nay, unless my algebra deceive me, Unity itself, divided by Zero, will give Infinity. Make thy claim of wages a zero, then; thou hast the world under thy feet." "Once I was happy, but now I am miserable.' My dear fellow, it isn't of the *slightest* consequence."

This brings us to the point of view of the mystic or devotee, in whose creed his own good or ill counts for literally nothing, because of the overwhelming claim upon him of something by its nature deserving utter, self-obliterating devotion. From this point of view, of course, all thought or wish for self becomes sinful, and absolute annihilation of self-consciousness would almost be the ideal. But this devotee spirit is by no means a phase of modern ethics: it is as old as religious belief. Nor is it the extreme form of condemnation of egotism: it arose from no negative pole of condemnation, but the positive one of some belief and allegiance, that by its own force extinguished egotism. It has cropped up in all religions, —more rarely in the religion of humanity than any other; and it has been recognized in all as a sort of higher rule, attainable by a fervid few, and neither required of all nor possible to all. Thus in Tennyson's mystical idyl, Galahad sat in Merlin's chair, and, once for all, lost himself to find himself, and to him the Vision and the power of it came spontaneously and ceaselessly; by one form or another of self-forgetfulness, Bors, Lancelot, and Percivale strained themselves up within reach of the Vision for a passing moment, yet scarcely justified themselves in the quest; and the rest brought ill to themselves and the realm by so much as trying what they were never called to.

In this parable is suggested the limitation to the evil of egotism, or to the application of the word, that I would dwell upon. For note, that, while the philosopher-poet makes Galahad the ideal of one type of human virtue, Arthur is, after all, greater than Galahad: and Arthur never sat in Merlin's chair. This Galahad type, with all its ideal beauty, he seems to imply, is not what we look to for the world's best work. Nirvanas, drownings of self in any religious devotion or intellectual interest, are not merely impossible to any but a few of the devotee temperament; they are not the highest disposition of self.

To make clearer this difference between Galahad and Arthur, let us return to Paul and Peter. When my friend objects to Paul's egotism, I urge, "Is not this egotism an essential element of a complex and sensitive consciousness?" It is true that Peter's consciousness is taken up by any subject at the time before his mind, while Paul is never perfectly out of Paul's consciousness. But is that necessarily an advantage on Peter's side, when one notices that the *ego* is only one of a great many elements that are never lost out of Paul's consciousness, and that hardly enter into Peter's. For Peter is of blunter, rougher, simpler nature. One cannot say that Paul is more intelligent than Peter; but his intelligence is more complex, and cut out with a much sharper instrument. He responds like a girl to a thousand indications that Peter is impervious to; he feels subtle checks in conversation, and hesitates as to whether he shall say a thing that Peter would bring out with the utmost *naïveté* and confidence; he is awake to possibilities in his companion's mental condition, where Peter would see nothing but his own point. Peter comes in and sits down opposite me, and asks me if I am familiar with Browning; and he is thinking of Browning alone, not of himself nor me, nor the phenomenon of my having or not having read Browning. He says Dorcas set him to reading Browning, and he thinks Dorcas is "a nice girl." If I should follow up the subject of Dorcas by attempting to characterize her more analyti-

cally than as "nice" or "smart," he would smile vaguely, and say, "Well, he never noticed that"; he "was thinking of what they were talking about more than of them." Now if it were Paul, he would be thinking of himself, me, Dorcas, Browning, and Browning's ideas, in all sorts of applications and complex relations; and he would be quite equal to a little foray into character-study in connection with Dorcas. Surely, this complex, sensitive state of consciousness is more in harmony with the tendencies of our highest civilization. It is "the baby, new to earth and sky," that "has never thought that 'this is I.'" Nor did the race in its babyhood think so. But the man of highest civilization to-day has a pretty complete assortment of ideas attached to the pronoun *I*. And, repulsive as the man may be who has no ideas attached to anything else but this pronoun, does his converse seem, to our nineteenth-century eyes, altogether up to the full measure of a man? Do we not feel in the mental condition of the spontaneous altruist or devotee a certain naiveness that produces the effect of a lack or crudity? He seems unbalanced and incomplete, like children—beautiful, innocent, and beyond our imitation, as children are; and incomplete, as children are. Who would not rather live in a world of Arthurs than Galahads? Who would not rather be cast away on a desert island with Dorothea Casaubon than with Dinah Morris?

For Arthur is even less a self-seeker than Galahad: his objects in life, his leading subjects of thought and anxiety, are outside himself; yet he is a man fully conscious of himself, and possessed of imperative personal desires. We shall not easily improve upon this ideal. We find it, under the conditions of modern life, in the man who, having full ability to survey himself, does not habitually employ that ability; who can read a book or help a comrade with a simplicity of attention that may even drown his physical consciousness, and yet can carry on a conversation with a boundless complexity of attention; a man in whom a vigorous egotism is inclosed in a larger and stronger non-egotism. There is something

—and that a beautiful something—in the Galahad type that such a man as this can never attain to; but, on the whole, there is more in him than the Galahads can ever attain to.

For it is not by adding something to the Galahad type that the Arthurs are made: you cannot take the larger non-egotism and inclose in it the lesser egotism, and have your full measure of a man; you must take the egotism and inclose it in the larger non-egotism. Therefore it is that I bespeak for Paul and his like a suspension of judgment. If they have in them the capacity of sometime receiving into their lives any purpose or feeling strong enough to overcome their egotism, we shall have more fully equipped human beings than we can ever hope for from the Peters. Their egotism is that of self-seeing, not that of self-seeking; and, as we have already seen, this egotism is evil only as a tendency, blurring one's perceptions of others' claims, numbing one's sensibility to them; while it has, on the other hand, a conflicting tendency toward conscientiousness for one's own soul's sake. *A priori*, one would expect the first of these tendencies to outweigh the other by far. Yet the outcome of a good deal of observation is that, on the whole, more selfishness and unscrupulousness comes from self-unconsciousness than from self-consciousness. The world in general is selfish; that hardly needs asserting: but it will probably be granted that the world in general does not spend much meditation on the *'ego*. Here is an empirical generalization to be taken for what such generalizations are worth: perhaps nine hundred and ninety in a thousand of our fellow-beings have their eyes fixed on their personal desires; they do not care to think about themselves—they are occupied in gratifying themselves; often, they do not even think much about their own affairs—they take what they want and go along. Then the other ten are thinking of themselves and their affairs; all in an unhealthy mental condition, all dully indifferent to other people's affairs; yet, on the whole, more dutiful to their neighbor's

claim than the majority. Socially, these ten are vastly more offensive than the unscrupulous nine hundred and ninety, who are often very agreeable fellows; but they are less likely to commit downright injury to their neighbor. And a few—too few to count in the estimate—are neither self-seekers nor self-seers; either deliberate choice, or personal affection, or some overmastering interest has thrust them out of the first place in their own minds. And there are ninety-nine possibilities of making such a one out of a self-seer to one possibility of making him out of a self-seeker.

Since it is impracticable to take illustrations from life, let us look at some from the only fiction that attempts to deal with this point. Of George Eliot's beautiful group of "altruists," Dinah Morris alone is of the spontaneously selfless type; Felix Holt, Esther Lyon, Maggie Tulliver, Adam Bede, Dorothea Casaubon herself, were all altruists through a vigorous egotism, mastered by something stronger—an overpowering conviction of duty; or a love of humanity; or even a single absorbing affection. And when once this stronger force had entered in and taken possession, the character was richer and fuller for the very power of personal desire and the sense of importance and significance in one's self, that without such stronger feeling would have made a thorough egotist. And, further, note that the larger non-egotistic feeling only overpowers but does not destroy the egotism; which, indeed, becomes then one element in the complex fullness of character. For how can the man of all-sided, nineteenth-century consciousness omit from the full round the consciousness of so obvious a thing as himself? or how can the diapason of character that our ear craves be complete without the peculiar, intense vibration of the chord of personal joy and pain and desire?

When we would judge, then, of any un-

formed or half-formed character, and find predominant in it the demon of egotism, let us look farther and see whether it is the all but unpardonable egotism of action—the egotism that "seeks one's own gain in another's loss," or the other egotism of thought and feeling. And if one is an egotist only so far as to care absorbingly for his own affairs, and to think much about himself, let us remember that in this evil there are two good sides. One is the tendency to conscientiousness developed by much thought about one's self, and the habit of taking one's self seriously. So much reality and efficacy is there in this that "self-examination" has long been one of the devotional duties urged by evangelical religion. And the other good side is the possibility that this form of egotism may be overpowered by either of the strong forms of altruistic feeling—personal love, human sympathy, or abstract loyalty. If, then, our young egotist possesses, in his undeveloped character, the capacity for such feelings, his egotism may be regarded as a good sign rather than an evil; it will make him all the more of a man when his Lord has entered in. If he does not possess such capacity, hold him worthless, not for having the egotism, but for lacking the capacity of any stronger feeling.

Yet his well-being is not assured because he has that capacity; for in many a one it lies undeveloped forever. A woman finds the thing that is stronger than her egotism when she loves a man, or when she bears children; if there is the capacity of self-forgetfulness in her it finds a narrow but real scope in the natural course of her life. But a man, like our young Paul, may carry undeveloped possibilities of self-forgetting loyalty within him, until he loses them in the selfish ambitions of business or politics. Yet while he is still young there is always the chance that some great and absorbing motive will lay hold upon him, and sweep his character away with it into nobility.

MILICENT WASHBURN SHINN.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

NIAGARA, AND OTHER POEMS. By George Houghton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

THE DEFENCE OF THE BRIDE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Anna Katharine Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

We note above, the names of two small volumes that are among the most important of this year's books of minor poetry. There used to be a distinction much insisted on between "genius" and "talent," now rather obsolete in criticism; the words are too vague for an exact age, and imply too much belief in the inspiration theory of art. The rational doctrine that great writing is done by virtue of possessing in eminent degree the same qualities that in moderate degree produce good writing, is that on which the best criticism is based; and the doctrine is incompatible with such words as "genius" and "talent." Nevertheless, the words and the distinction would come in conveniently sometimes, in expressing an opinion of such books as the two in question. It is curious to note how excellently one may write verse, without ever once, by any accident, touching the higher chords of poetry; how pleasing, poetic, even beautiful, the average of a volume may be, how far above the average of many minor poets, and yet leave the readers hesitating whether the author is entitled to the name even of minor poet. For those whom we generally call the minor poets of any time, group, or school, leave, among much that is worthless, some poems that have more or less of the quality that is vaguely called genius, but that is probably, in fact, nothing but originality—something individual in the poem, not to be found in any other; so that the reader feels he would have sustained a distinct loss, however slight, had the poem never been written. There is much in "The Defence of the Bride," and more in "Niagara," that is better than the worst writing of the great poets; and yet even in the very worst of the great poets there is some suggestion of self-reliant ability, of consciously having something to give the world—the unmistakable touch of the master hand—that the very best writing in these two books does not attain. Not, that is to say, with any sustained strength; a line, a passage here and there, especially in Mr. Houghton's poems, does certainly reach the level of calm strength.

But, putting aside comparison with great poetry, or effort to determine in what grade of minor poetry these verses belong, they are, for their own grade, good, and very good. As intelligent, poetic versifying, they leave no room for any but admiring criti-

cism. The woman's book is all but exclusively love poetry; the man's takes a much wider range. Hers has more feeling and vigor, and is more equal in merit; his has more intelligent and poetic taste, and far less echo of other poets. In both books, especially in Mr. Houghton's, there are poems that are the merest trifles, with no good reason for being. Of the poems in "The Defence of the Bride," the two ballads—the one that gives its name to the book and "The Tower of Bouverie"—will linger longest in the reader's mind; but there is a pleasant smoothness of narrative suggesting Tennyson or Miss Ingelow in her blank verse. In "Niagara," the same blank verse narrative facility, with even a stronger Tennysonian suggestion, appears in "Ketill, the Sagaman," and in other poems; the short poems are, with a few exceptions, of very small value—a little dramatic force, and a good deal of picturesqueness of a not very spontaneous sort; but the initial poem, "Niagara," has a great deal of the genuine spirit of the cataract about it. All the poems in this book, even those of lightest weight, have a pleasant accent of intelligence and cultivation about them; and the same is true, to a less extent, of the poems in "The Defence of the Bride."

EVE'S DAUGHTERS; OR, COMMON SENSE FOR MAID, WIFE, AND MOTHER. By Marion Harland. New York: John R. Anderson and Henry S. Allen. 1882. For sale by J. Dewing & Co.

This book is a fitting companion for "Common Sense in the Household." The author of both works is the mother of grown-up sons and daughters, and has, therefore, practical knowledge of the subjects on which she dilates. The first chapter in "Eve's Daughters" treats of the girl baby, on the need of system in its management; then the growing girl is considered. The author says that "girls and boys start even in the physical race," and adds, "Girls cannot too soon be disabused of the low caste contempt of their womanhood, and taught that they should be ashamed to be sickly." One chapter, devoted to "Brain Work and Brain Food," shows the imperative need of wholesome and abundant food for students; and another, entitled "Face to Face with our Girl," has for its text this quotation from Anna C. Brackett: "As to direct physical care of themselves, American girls between fourteen and twenty-one are to be ruled only by their convictions on the side of prudence, for they will not blindly obey what seem to them arbitrary rules, as the girls of some other nations may be made to do." She quotes also Frances Power Cobbe: "A great living teacher once

made to me the curious observation that he had noticed that when a woman was persuaded that anything was right or true, she generally tried to shape her conduct accordingly. But," he added with comic despair, "when I have, as I think, entirely convinced a man in the same way, and expect to see some result of his conviction, behold! he goes on precisely as he did before, as if nothing had happened." Marion Harland does not agree with Dr. Clark's "Sex in Education," that a collegiate course of study has a tendency to break down the health of the female student, and that "the girl who makes the beds can safely work more steadily through the whole year than her little mistress of sixteen." She avers that farmers' and mechanics' wives enjoy no better health than educated women, and gives the result of her own experience as housekeeper with "the girls that make the beds." Having been a housewife for twenty-five years, employing all that time two, and for many years four, girls in her household, she has had ample scope for observation. In all those twenty-five years she has had but *two healthy girls*. She quotes Dr. Putnam Jacobi's statement that "hysterical and amemic women neither think much nor take much physical exercise," and shows that Dr. Beard, in his book on "American Nervousness," supports by statistical evidence the proposition, "that the brain-working classes live much longer than muscle-working classes." After thus proving that "our girl" can safely study, she asks: "How shall she study?" and devotes several chapters to delicate subjects, which she handles in a forcible and delicate manner. She enlarges on the need of congenial and continuous employment for women. "Anxious and aimless," wrote the humane Governor of Massachusetts in recommending California emigration to the superfluous seventy thousand women in his State. "Anxious *because* aimless," pithily rejoins Marion Harland. "What shall we do with the Mothers?" and "Indian Summer," are pleas for the mothers, that they shall not be set aside for their antiquated notions; also for the daughters, that the mothers shall not disgust them by lack of conformity to the demands of the age, showing the importance of confidence between mother and daughter. In "Housekeeping and Home-making," the author states, as a rule without an exception, "No American woman, however exalted her station, or whatever may be her accomplishments, can afford to remain ignorant of practical housewifery." A chapter is devoted to "Dress"; another, headed "Gossip," advises women to "lend neither tray, chopping-knife, nor condiments to help the gossip make her mince-meat." In treating of marriage, the author lays down this axiom: "While husband, home, and children offer a sphere with which the most ambitious of our sex may well be thankfully contented, most pitiable is she who does violence to common sense, nature, purity, and virtue, by marrying one she would never have elected to the highest office in the gift of

womanhood, but for fear if she let the chance slip, she might never marry." In "Married," she says, "There would be fewer careless husbands, if women adopted the motto, 'Better lose my husband's affection than his respect.'" The last chapters, entitled, "Shall the Baby be?" and "Coming," give useful advice to the prospective mother.

It will be seen that this book of four hundred and fifty pages covers a great deal of ground. Its style is simple and direct, enlivened by anecdotes and apt quotations. Homely advice is given in a plain, motherly way. Its subject is timely, and it will prove a useful assistant to the class to whom it is dedicated—"The wives, mothers, and daughters of America."

HENRY D. THOREAU. (American Men of Letters Series.) By F. B. Sanborn. 1882. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

If Mr. Sanborn had begun his life of Thoreau at the one hundred and forty-eighth page, omitting the genealogies, reminiscences, and anecdotes that make up the first five chapters of his book, he would have given us a much clearer, more concise, and certainly more readable account of Thoreau. We should, in that case, have been deprived of some useful information which it is pleasant to have; for instance, the facts in regard to the life and character of good old Dr. Ripley, and of some of his parishioners. But we should also have been spared the long account of Thoreau's rather uninteresting ancestors and relatives, who seem to have been in no wise remarkable people, and who exerted too slight an influence upon the character of their celebrated kinsman to warrant their introduction into his biography. With the sixth chapter begins the real biography, and Mr. Sanborn, having at last settled down to the subject, proceeds to treat it with considerable ability.

The account of Thoreau's early essays in authorship, with the accompanying extracts, is especially interesting, as it shows how early in life those tastes to which he owed his fame were formed. The essays are not, of course, without traces of undergraduate crudeness and exaggeration; and that peculiar breeziness of style that was Thoreau's chief charm is lacking as yet. But already he has been attracted to nature, and begins to write of rivers, woods, and lakes. One passage in particular—a description of Fairhaven Cliffs, written when he was not quite eighteen—reminds one forcibly of his later works. Following this account of Thoreau's early writings, is a chapter on his friends and companions, in the course of which we hear something of Margaret Fuller, something of Horace Greeley, and, as a matter of course, a good deal of Emerson and Channing; but no definite impression of any of these celebrated people is conveyed by Mr. Sanborn's descriptions.

He next attempts to prove that Thoreau's retirement to the hermitage in Walden forest was not due to a dislike for the society of men. It has long been a subject of debate whether Thoreau really was a stoic and an egotist. Mr. Sanborn's attempt to exonerate him from these charges is only indifferently successful. Mr. Page, in his "Life and Aims of Thoreau," quotes a much clearer statement of the hermit's purpose, and one that justifies him in the eyes of many students. In his highly metaphorical style he said of his retreat: "I had withdrawn so far within the great ocean of solitude into which the rivers of society empty, that, for the most part, so far as my needs were concerned, only the finest sediment was deposited around me. Besides, there were wafted to me evidences of unexplored and uncultivated continents on either side."

The remainder of Thoreau's uneventful life is pleasantly sketched by Mr. Sanborn; his literary career, his out-door life, and his early death described; and we lay down the book at last with a kindly feeling of respect for the poet-naturalist of Concord, and only a passing recollection of our vexation at his biographer for allowing a lack of system to detract so much from the value of his materials.

CAMPS IN THE ROCKIES. Being a Narrative of Life on the Frontier, and Sports in the Rocky Mountains, with an Account of the Cattle Ranches of the West. By Wm. A. Baillie-Grohmann. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The author of "Camps in the Rockies" is already pleasantly known to the public by several books of a similar character, of which "Tyrol and the Tyrolese" is perhaps the best known. The present book is specially one for sportsmen, as the shooting experiences form the basis of its pages; but there is plenty, too, of an enthusiastic picturing of primitive camp life that will be enjoyable to every one, sportsman or not, in whom exists the gypsy instinct for the free life of the camper, the Aryan instinct for a westward plunge into the unexplored, a love of mountain, forest, and wilderness. Mr. Baillie-Grohmann, a member of the Alpine Club, and an experienced mountaineer and sportsman in the Old World mountains, felt his laurels incomplete without some experience in the mountains of the New World; and, accordingly, has made two Rocky Mountain trips. The first was somewhat in English tourist style, and was sufficient to convince him that the proper way to "do" the Rockies was to come down to the rough ways and light outfit of the genuine trapper; accordingly, on this second trip he joined himself to a party of four trappers, and with them penetrated the remote depths of the Shoshoné and Wind River Mountains, much of the ground gone over being unexplored, and some places hitherto untouched by white man's foot. Here he occupied himself with great enthusiasm in making a fine collection

of trophies of sportsmanship to adorn the tapestried walls of a Tyrolese *Schloss*. This enthusiasm is a pleasant trait of the book. It is very evident that Mr. Baillie-Grohmann enjoyed the life, enjoyed the people—the genuine backwoodsmen—enjoyed wild nature, even in some sort enjoyed the dangers and discomforts of "roughing it" in the extreme sense of that expression. This frank appreciation of the mental and physical vigor, and the good moral points of the "Western man," (the "trans-Missourian man," as he more specifically calls him) and a corresponding good nature toward counterbalancing defects of mind or morals, this hearty delight in the experiences of his sojourn, make the book pleasant reading. It is devoid of the customary British condescension toward the "trans-Missourian"; in fact, the author relates with delight that he was "green, very green," when first he went West; and takes great pleasure in telling stories to his own disadvantage and to the advantage of the shrewd, practical folk among whom he found himself. From an explorer's point of view, "Camps in the Rockies" is unsatisfactory, in spite of the map, and much incidental information about the country, its animals and plants, its physical geography and geology, climate, and so on. The information on all these points is merely incidental; and whoever cares for exploration, and not for sportsmanship, had better leave this book alone.

CHARLES LAMB. By Alfred Ainger. New York: Harper & Bros. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

In his series of English Men of Letters, Mr. John Morley has rendered good service to that vast portion of the English-speaking race which is yet to be educated, and to those already educated has given a succession of pleasures. This sketch of Charles Lamb is worthy of a good place in the series. Yet it has nothing which may be called really new, except the discriminating examination and just praise of Lamb as a literary critic, which forms the concluding chapter. It is well that this new matter has been presented; for the gentle Charles, as a poet and prose dreamer, has hitherto caused the just Lamb, as a critic and a powerful instrument in restoring the Elizabethan to English style, to be neglected. But otherwise we find nothing which has not already been so admirably told by his friends, Talfourd and Barry Cornwall. Yet the old story of an infinitely pathetic life, inter-shot with brightness, is well retold by Mr. Ainger, in clear, modest phrase; and the fine picture is obviously so framed by him that the reader's eye shall see in the frame only a bounding, not the gilding, of the picture. Such honest work as this will always commend itself. The book should go into every library, even where Proctor and Talfourd already adorn the shelves. At least, it will always show to boy or man how far forward a genial brain and

clean spirit can carry a life, even with the drags of monotonous business, impeded expression, irregular habits, insanity itself once in youth, and most of all, of the constant care for periodical insanity in one dearer to him than himself. Even if Mary Lamb had been less in herself than she was, it would still be well for the world that she passed her half-crazed life in it, and has enabled Charles Lamb to be more as he was, than if he had married "the fair Alice W——n," and been the father of his dream-children.

ARCTIC SUNBEAMS; OR, FROM BROADWAY TO THE BOSPHORUS. By Samuel Cox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Senator Cox, during one of the vacations of Congress, made an eight-months tour in the Old World; and as one of the results thereof, publishes the above-entitled work. He says in one of his chapters: "I pretend to describe nothing but the superficial. If I could, I would not be profound." In this endeavor, the honorable gentleman has eminently succeeded. He describes, or rather merely states, what he saw in Holland, Norway, Sweden, Lapland, and Russia. And what he saw, and what he has described, is nothing more than every one of the hundreds that have visited those countries has seen, and that every one who has written of his travels in those countries has described. He seems to have jotted down in his note book, as he traveled along, the most obvious and apparent peculiarities that presented themselves to his eye; he seems to have taken these notes to his printer, to have had them printed on very fine paper, not forgetting to intersperse here and there an attempt at humor and an illustration, to have clothed all this with a handsome cover, and a high-sounding title, and then to have called it a book. However, let us be just. The honorable gentleman needed recreation; he has traveled and has written a book. Now in so far as affording him recreation and pleasure, this book has been of some benefit to the world; further than this, we should say that it is entirely worthless.

THE FISHER MAIDEN. By Björnsterne Björnson. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

THE BRIDAL MARCH, AND OTHER STORIES. By Björnsterne Björnson. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

It is doubtful whether one lays down these peasant stories of Björnson with full conviction of their truthfulness to nature. There is something in them so different from anything our civilization allows, a simplicity in conduct and in conversation, a freedom and an honesty in all mutual relations, and above all, the abruptness and bluntness with which the people

they deal with approach a passion or enter upon a resolve, that puts them without the pale of a society that always thinks twice before allowing itself to perform any social act. The conclusion does not come that they are real and it is good; but that if they are real, then it is good. One thinks of them less as men than as children playing at men. If they should grow up—if they were given time—they might be as other men are; but they have not grown up. Yet this purity and simplicity and innocent ignorance make possible touches of human nature that are very interesting and effective, even where the lines of drawing are broad. Björnson can hardly be called a humorist; yet through these pages and under the lines runs everywhere a quiet vein of sarcastic humor that brightens his work, till at points it fairly sparkles with the oddity of his ideas. This humor, however, is never malicious, and never stings. He pokes fun at individuals and at things indiscriminately, but it is always with a gentle, almost fatherly carefulness. Aside from their literary value, these books are useful as historic pictures. Sprinkled through the text are illustrations done by native artists, which are vouched for as being correct reflections of Norwegian costumes and interiors. At any rate, they are curious and interesting. "The Bridal March" is the last of these peasant stories—the next volume to be issued dealing with Björnson's views of Italy.

ABBE CONSTANTINE. By Ludovic Halevy. **LADY BEAUTY.** By Alan Muir. **AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.** By Annie Edwards. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

These three novels are published in the "Transatlantic Series"; and reading the three in the order above named gives one a downward-graded opinion of the series. "Abbe Constantine" is light, objective, pleasing, and in good taste; the sort of thing to be kept for a weary hour, when the brain is grateful for a pleasant tale to trickle effortlessly over it. There is no character drawing; the characters are all types, as in children's books; no study of life; no strong feeling; but the story is pretty and pleasant, in a fashion that it seems easier to achieve in a foreign language than in English. "Lady Beauty" is an odd reversal of the common occurrence of a moral under mask of a story; this is a story under mask of a moral. The story is a pleasant, unaffected, objective one; the moral, for which the book claims to exist, is in part excellent. That a woman's object in life is to be charming, even her religion being valuable only to that end, is the questionable assumption of the moral; that the way to achieve permanent charm is by gifts of mind and heart more than by beauty, is the excellent part thereof. But when we come to the third book, "At the Eleventh Hour," we cannot give it even modified praise. It is ordinary, marred by affectation and

bad taste, awkward and conventional in the abundant humorous parts. Still, it has much picturesque and some pathos, and is quite skillful in serious conversation.

DICK'S WANDERINGS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

In this pleasantly realistic story of English life, the writer, Mr. Julian Sturgis, has presented his readers with a central figure, whose distinguishing characteristics are naturalness and leisurely consistency.

If this open-hearted young hero, Dick Hartland, is too typically British to be known to us precisely as he is photographed—with his heritage of Claring, his obsequious tenants, and his ambition to educate a constituency—he is true enough, after a particularly charming fashion, to world-wide human nature to arouse much sympathy, and to waken an especial interest. The history of Dick's boyhood days is related at the outset, with sufficient minutness to show him then the father of the man. An affectionate, quick-witted, self-reliant young fellow, he is generous to a fault, and pure-minded as a woman. He grows, studies, and investigates unhurriedly, and finally travels to Palestine, where in his journeyings he meets and falls in love with a pretty American girl, Kitty Holcroft. A series of small misunderstandings keep the lovers apart for many uncomfortable months; but fate is kind at last, and a roseate glow of dawning happiness illumines the final pages of the book, to everybody's satisfaction. As the study of an American girl, Kitty Holcroft is not an entire success; but the growth of Dick's love for her is the honest course of an unforced development, and is really beautifully shown.

HOOD'S OWN WHIMS AND ODDITIES. A collection of funny things, rhymed and unrhymed, pictured and otherwise, from Hood's pen. Published in a twenty-five-cent Pugsley edition, by G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Hood's name is suggestive of two opposite characteristics of human nature: pathos and humor. This collection of his Whims and Oddities is almost wholly of the humorous kind. Throughout the book is a plentiful sprinkling of wood-cuts, puns without end upon familiar words, and saws—continually provocative of smiles, often of outright laughter. The rhymes and the "not rhymes" are enjoyable too. Any one familiar with Hood, of course, knows that. An English humorist, and of some time past, to an American reader a few of his witticisms will be necessarily somewhat stale and foreign; but the genuine fun is there, nevertheless, in overflowing abundance. Like a pure, clear foun-

tain, it sparkles and plays, is always bright and refreshing.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT. By Anton Giulio Barrili. From the Italian, by Clara Bell. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This is an ingenious and pleasing story, perfectly unsentimental, unambitious, graceful. One cannot find a place for a thrill of suspense or of pathos in it, but plenty of places for a mild smile. The people are agreeable; the narrative is well bred; the incidents and the *mise en scene* (an Italian provincial village, and a brotherhood of lay celibates leading a scholarly life in a deserted cloister) fresh and entertaining. It is decidedly of the better class of light stories.

A COMIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Livingston Hopkins. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., N. Y., London, and Paris. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

A book that does certainly succeed in being quite droll at times; and drollery is a most desirable thing in modern life. The attempt to write funny books is thoroughly laudable, and the man who succeeds in writing one is a benefactor to his race; and perhaps even such a modicum of success as is to be met in the little book in question justifies the attempt. The pictures are, on the whole, better than the text; but they have very little variety.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We have also received the following books: *Catalogue of the San Francisco Free Public Library for 1882*. No. 3. Short titles, containing eight separate lists, namely: 1. Books in English (not including fiction and juveniles) added since November, 1880, with some foreign titles under subjects; 2. English Novels; 3. Juvenile Books; 4. Deutsche Bücher, mit separat liste von Novellen und Romane; 5. Livres un Français, les romans à part; 6. Libros Españoles; 7. Srenska böcker; 8. Books in Latin and other languages. The first of these lists contains about sixteen thousand titles—all added since November, 1880. *The World's Witness to Jesus Christ*, by the Right Reverend John Williams, D. D., Bishop of Connecticut. Two lectures on the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, delivered in the Bedell Lectureship, at Kenyon College, Ohio. *The Wealth of Life and The World*, by William E. F. Krause. Recent Issues of the Franklin Square Library: No. 265, *The Minister's Son*, by M. C. Stirling; No. 266, *Fortune's Marriage*, by Georgiana M. Craik; No. 267, *Egypt under its Khedives, or The Old House of Bondage under New Masters*, by Edwin De Leon; No. 268, *Single Heart and Double Face*, by Charles Reade.

NOTE BOOK.

AFTER the fashion of the children, with their "This is a dog," "This is a girl," under the slate picture; or of our grown selves, who observe, "It is very windy," in the face of the obviousness of that fact on a San Francisco summer afternoon—after such fashion, we say, in greeting to the public, "We bear this month the promised OVERLAND name." The first of the three months of transition thus entered upon, we hope soon to familiarize the public with the fact that their old friend is again on the stage. Several names of the old OVERLAND staff stand on our table of contents this month, and, as time goes on, the remnants of the old group will be gathered about us: several who do not appear in this number are already our contributors; some are scattered now to the ends of the earth—but, fortunately, in these days the ends of the earth are not too far for men to hear each other speak by the written word. Others—some of the best and most faithful of the old guard of Pacific civilization—have gone forever beyond our hearing. Their places must be made good by the on-coming defenders of the faith. It must be remembered that there has grown up about the CALIFORNIAN a new staff of writers, to be united with the surviving portion of the OVERLAND staff. Some of these are young writers, who stood just ready to enter the doors of the OVERLAND four or five years since; many are writers of experience, whom circumstances did not happen to bring into the staff of OVERLAND writers, and have happened to bring into that of the CALIFORNIAN; so that each of the two united magazines has much to offer to the other.

It may seem strange to readers in the older States that we should speak of the OVERLAND staff, after this brief lapse of years, as scattered, and, in great part, to be traced out and recovered with difficulty. It will not seem strange to our Western readers. They know well the rapid changes of the West. The classes that graduate at Berkeley find, at their periodic reunions, that missing members are reported in Central America, England, China, Germany, Australia, Arizona, Oregon, and the Eastern States; and a class of sixty can hardly collect twenty men together three years after Commencement. But more than any other cause, death has broken in upon the group of those who were the literary and scholarly men of early California. To an unusual extent these men have passed away together; for the sudden settling of the State brought here near-

ly simultaneously a great many men in early middle life: young enough to be ardently hopeful, old enough to be practical and of ripe mind. It was inevitable that the time should come when, within a few years of each other, these men should reach the bound of life.

SINCE our last issue, the death of Mr. B. B. Redding has narrowed by one more the group of men on whom our community has long depended for support in matters intellectual. It is hardly within our province to repeat what the daily papers have already said with regard to the loss sustained by so many different interests; but it is fitting that we should add some mention of our own loss. Mr. Redding was known to our readers as the author of various articles that have appeared in these pages. And it was a noticeable thing that these articles, all good authority on the subjects of which they treated, were all on subjects remote from the business occupations of his life—unless we except those connected with his work as Fish Commissioner, a work which was in itself apart from his every-day business. There have been few men of more various interest than Mr. Redding. In so many different quarters his helping hand was felt, that it is said of him today that no other man in San Francisco could have left so wide-spread a feeling of loss behind him. There is something remarkable in the spectacle of a man engaged in as large and absorbing a business as Mr. Redding's—a business that most men would have considered left them hardly time for private reading—and yet having time and energy and interest for a variety of intellectual pursuits. In the last days of his life, there lay in his desk at his office an article, promised to some society or paper, and growing paragraph by paragraph, almost sentence by sentence, as the fragmentary intervals obtained in pauses of business allowed. In this wise were written the articles from his pen that have appeared in our pages; in this wise he stood ready to continue writing for us. And not only have we lost in him a valued contributor, but a sympathetic friend to the magazine in all its aspirations and difficulties. He believed in the literary capacities of the coast; he believed in the importance of the work of a literary magazine here; he believed—as it would have been so easy for a man whose nearest interests were with industrial civilization *not* to believe—in literature, and the bearing of literature on the civilization and growth and ultimate prosperity of a community.

WE hope that in the public thought and talk of Mr. Redding, these outside, intellectual interests of his life will stand out with their due importance as suggestions to the young men of our State. There is, perhaps, not a community in the world of equal population and civilization where the influences around young men tend so overwhelmingly toward the struggle for material success. To take four years of life from this struggle, for college, is not common; and even of those who do take the four years, few spend longer than that in scholarly pursuits. Of the graduates of our University, not one in a class chooses to spend his life in following up any branch of purely intellectual research. There has been, we believe, exactly one who has distinctly chosen scholarship as his line in life; and, besides, three or four chemists, two or three mathematicians, and two or three in literary life. Now this is not altogether because the ideals before our young men are exclusively material: it is largely because, by a not uncommon fatality, the desire for a life of scholarship that has lodged in the breasts of two or three in every class has always chosen the breast of a

man whom pressing pecuniary need forced him into some money-making occupation. Nevertheless, this same perversity of fate is displayed in all colleges, and does not succeed elsewhere in preventing the graduation of more or fewer men each year who choose for themselves the scholarly life. The truth is, that in this State, so fresh from the hand-to-hand conflict with the forces of nature, the brawny toil of laying the foundations of a community, there has been little opportunity for the serene life of moderate ambitions to show its true attractiveness and lure the young towards it—the life in which, with little money, little or no notoriety, little of the fascinating excitement of professional or business struggles, those elements of happiness and true human dignity which alone make money and fame and struggle valuable are realized without these media. These ideals of life, these standards of action, are yet to be established here: once established, they will build up for us a scholarly and literary community; and meanwhile, it is the work of the scholarly and literary of the community to build them up.

OUTCROPPINGS.

NEW ENGLAND AUTUMN PICTURES.

On a high hill-top a single sugar-maple, grand and symmetrical in its proportions, and magnificent in scarlet, gold, and dusky green, stands out in bold relief against the hazy blue of the sky. A white cloud, which as one gazes takes on the form of an ancient argosy, lingers above it as though spell-bound. A gleam of amber is on the slightly imbrowned sward beneath, and now and then a faint breath of air partially raises a faded leaf from its grassy environment, or bears a dead sister from her airy home to rest by its side.

A lone bird alights upon a midway bough, and with abrupt sideways motions of the head investigates the locality; and then, as though perplexed by the mysterious change that has come over its leafy haunts, it utters a tremulous note and flies away.

The head of a gray squirrel suddenly pops up in an angle formed by the projection of a basilar limb from the trunk. One wonders from whence he came, as there has been no previous indication of his presence. He glances about warily, and then darts up into the fork and rests upon his haunches, his superb tail proudly curving upward. He is a princely specimen of his race. He would be likely to prove an irresistible temptation to a sportsman. Perhaps he has some inkling of this, for he seems to be cautiously reconnoitering. Apparently his quick ear has de-

tected some sound inaudible to human ears, but the expression of his countenance is not one of alarm. Presently another squirrel, of slighter proportions, darts up the trunk of the tree directly in front of him. The two give a chatter of recognition, then scamper away, one after the other, along the branches. There is a low rustle of leaves, and more than one scarlet beauty falls to the ground. At length, seeming to have explored the leafy recesses to their heart's content, both pause near the fork of the tree, and giving each other knowing glances, dart down the trunk and scamper off, one after the other, over the brow of the hill. No doubt this connubial pair, for such they evidently are, have in mind some tempting corn stack, or choice sweet apple tree.

The shadow of the tree lengthens to the eastward, and the sun, which at last has struggled through the morning haze, throws a flood of splendor through the gorgeous foliage. The outlines of the shadow pictures on the ground become more distinct, and their tracery, which before was but a filmy tangle, is firmly marked.

The south-east slope of the hill is clothed with a gigantic growth of sugar-maples. Here and there the somber green of a hemlock contrasts with the brilliant hues in which it is embowered. A few diminutive beeches have found foot-hold near the outskirts; and their forlorn air suggests children lost in the wood. The whole woodland is filled with a mellow,

golden glow. A hush is in the air. One thinks of lotus-land, and almost believes he has found it. The brook, winding along at the base of the hill, loiters unwontedly in every possible cranny and nook.

Near one corner of the sugar-orchard a flock of hens and their nearly grown progeny are busy scratching among the leaves, which give forth a series of intermittent rustles. The young cocks are not so buried in the pleasures of the palate as to be oblivious to their recently developed lingual powers, and do a great amount of gratuitous crowing. Now and then the dignified patriarch of the flock stretches out his neck and sends his clarion tones ringing through the forest, as though to satirize his feeble imitators. But with a self-conceit almost human, they seem to interpret the sarcasm as a compliment, and only crow the more obstreperously. September and October are the gala months for cock-crowing. As the cold strengthens, they are more chary of their efforts. In the early spring they seem too much elated with their newly acquired freedom from the restraints of winter, and, later, are left too much to themselves by their female partners, who are occupied with their broods, to exercise their voices beyond the bare exigencies of the situation.

On a knoll just below the gallinaceous party a family of children are beech-nutting. The leader is shaking the tree with a long, hooked pole, while his two little sisters look up with blinking eyes as the brown beechen rain descends. The baby, toddling about in a red gown, was doubtless taken along that he might be "out of the way."

Over the brook on a gentle swell of land is a large apple-orchard. On the margin a lad, bare-headed and frockless, is standing on the topmost rounds of a ladder, gathering golden apples into a basket. No doubt they are golden pippins. Just beyond, a man in blue blouse and straw hat is shaking a large tree with a stout pole that has an iron spike in one end. The apples are small and red, and fall to the ground with a muffled, thudding sound. Near the man stands a large cart with a yoke of oxen attached, sleepily chewing their cud.

The cart is half filled with a promiscuous lot of apples, which indicates that they are for cider. Several rods below the ox-team, on a little plat, is a cider-mill—a genuine old-fashioned cider-mill, with huge wooden screws and nuts. The grinding is done by cogged wooden cylinders, kept in motion by a horse attached to the end of a long beam, the radius of the circle around which he moves. The process is going on. The horse, a fine bay, looks jaded and discouraged. The monotony of the work is telling upon his spirit. A stalwart man is turning the screws, while the golden brown liquid is flowing into a large vat, from which the row of cider barrels just below are to be filled. Their protruding bungs are suggestive of a carefully selected bunch of straws and happy childhood.

Behind some Lombardy poplars on the opposite

side of the road stands an old-time farm-house, unpainted and weather-beaten. The west gable faces the road, and a long, low "stoop" runs along the south side. On the wall hang long traces of corn and bunches of red peppers. A thin streak of smoke is rising from the chimney, and a pair of white doves rest upon the ridge-pole. Behind the house and beyond the barns stretches a broad upland pasture. Here are the dairy cows—graceful, gazelle-eyed Jerseys, buxom Durhams, and several of the old native stock—one black, two red, and a half-dozen others, speckled or brindled. From a brown hill-side pasture in the distance comes the flute-like tinkle of a sheep-bell, and a dozen or more fine Cotswolds are visible on the summit. On the lower ground of the same pasture a half-dozen horses are feeding.

A restful spirit broods over the landscape, and seems to have settled down upon man and beast. Nature's voices are softened and subdued; even the rasping chirp of the cricket has lost something of its incisiveness. The far-away hills are inwrapped in soft haze, as in a veil, and the valleys are flooded with golden light. The willow fringes on the river banks are irradiated, and the frost-singed golden rod has an aureole around its head. The distant mountain-tops, rising one above the other, like pinnacles upon the Temple of God, are encircled in a halo of glory; and one cannot help wondering whether the visible presence of Him before whom archangels veil their faces is not just beyond.

LYDIA E. WHITE.

THE KNIGHT'S NOCTURNAL RIDE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF VICTOR SCHEFFEL.)

And this is night, the dark night in the forest,
That wraps me round on my world-hidden ride.
How different sounds the wind that sweeps the valley!
How different from in day-time steps the horse!
Dark lies the mountain. Only in the branches
Sports here and there a faint uncertain light:
Is 't moonlight? Is 't the midnight elfin-dances?
Onward brave horse—down with thy rising mane.

I know no fear; but chill though wordless horror
Lies on my soul, as nightmare might oppress,
And never, never would I look behind me,
For spirits strange have gathered round my path:
As though from rock and cleft would rise to meet me
What long hath lain and moldered in the gloom.
"Would from my horse ye restless spirits sweep me?
Avaunt! I know no word to solve your doom."

All that receives its glad life from the day-light
Lies hid in bush and cover, sleeps and dreams;
Creation's spirit bright—I feel it, dreading—
Has given place to darker powers and sways.
My own heart's thinking, as it beats this moment—
Would I reveal it to the sun's bright rays?
There lies, at last, the castle-gate before me;
Onward brave horse—down with thy rising mane.

HYMNS FROM THE SPANISH.

HIMNO.

En este nuevo día
Gracias te tributamos,
Oh Dios Omnipotente,
Señor de lo criado.

Tu divina clemencia
Se ha dignado sacarnos
Del horror de la noche
A la luz del sol clara.

Lleno esta de tu gloria
Todo el vasto teatro
Del mundo, y cuanto existe
Es obra de tu mano.

Por ti nacen las flores
Y reverdece el campo,
Los arboles dan fruto
Y el sol nos da sus rayos.

Alabante en las ramas
Los pajaros ufanos,
Y en el agua los peces
Cantan tu Nombre santo.

Dirige, Dios inmenso,
Y guía nuestros pasos
Para que eternamente
Tu santa ley sigamos.

Pues este nuevo día
Gracias te tributamos,
Oh Dios Omnipotente,
Señor de lo criado.

HYMN.

On this new day's advent
All thanks to thee we give,
O God Omnipotent,
The Lord in whom we live.

Thy clemency divine
Has deigned to affright
By thy serene sunshine
The terrors of the night.

Replenished with thy love
Is vast encircling land,
And all that thereon move
Are creatures of thy hand.

For thee the flowers grow
And verdure decks the fields,
The trees their fruits bestow
The sun his influence yields.

Rejoicing in the trees
The birds of sweetest fame,
And fishes of the seas
Exalt thy holy name.

Direct, great Deity,
And hedge about our ways,
So that eternally
Thy holy laws we praise.

For this new day's advent
All thanks to thee we give,
O God Omnipotent,
The Lord by whom all live.

HIMNO POR LA NOCHE.

Gracias rendidas demos
Al Dios Omnipotente,
Que saco de la nada
La turba de los seres.

El es quien nos da vida,
El es quien nos protege,
Y a quien su amparo falta
De continuo perece.

Mi corazon te adora,
Oh Protector celeste!
Y a toda hora te alaba
Mi lengua balbuciente.

Dame pues los auxilios
De tu gracia perenne,
Y esta noche descanso
Mientras el día ruele.

Para en el tributarle
Mil himnos reverentes
De un pecho agradecido
Que te adora siempre.

HYMN FOR THE NIGHT.

Return of thanks be paid
To God Omnipotent,
Who out of nothing made
The earth and firmament.

'Tis he that gave us life,
'Tis he prolongs our breath,
By him we still survive
The ravages of death.

My heart would thee adore,
O majesty divine!
To praise thee evermore
My faltering lips incline.

O grant me then the light
Of thy perennial grace,
And sweet repose this night,
The morrow to embrace.

That so I may impart
The thousand hymns of praise
Within a thankful heart
That thee adores always.

J. G. McMURPHY.

A PERVERTED PUBLIC TASTE.

One day I was seized with an idea so bright and luminous my whole future life seemed lightened and cheered by its radiance. Such an inspiration, I thought it must be a direct intervention of Providence in my behalf; and yet so simple, I deemed myself a dullard not to have long ago devoted time and attention to its fulfillment. I would write for the papers. I would become an author. I had long enough wasted my talents on literary societies and in writing amusing letters to friends: I would convert my facile pen into a tool for the amusement of the public. The people wanted to be edified, not instructed: I would write an article and send to the editor of the "Argus," that would precipitate him into convulsions of laughter as he read it. And how his heart would quicken with joy that this bright luminary had risen on his horizon! And he would write an appreciative letter to me, the author, asking a continuance of such bright emanations, and offering an equivalent in the coin of the realm far beyond my wildest anticipations. And how it would tickle the public! How they would hold their sides as they went off into fits of uproarious mirth; and how, between the spasms, they would nod and wink, and exclaim, "The editor of the 'Argus' is the fellow to scent out the bright ones!"

So I wrote with such intentness and fervor my brow was beaded with perspiration, and my arm ached with the strain on its muscles. The words slipped from my pen with lightning rapidity, and the thoughts outstripped the words. Amusing repartee, pointed criticisms, pungent sarcasms, all tumbled over each other upon the paper; and hilarious anecdotes from real life, interspersed with bright sayings and sage remarks of the dear little ones, all went to make up the fullness and completeness of this product of my genius.

I folded and directed it with scrupulous care, and, burdened with many stamps to secure a safe transmission, I forwarded my article to its destination. Then I waited in confidence of heart and peace of mind, secure that a near number would bear on its crisp pages this first fruit of my talent. I dreamed of the applause of the dear ones who would hail my advent into the literary world; I counted the number of papers I would order to send to friends in a distant clime; and in the thankfulness of my heart I felt I had at last found a vocation. I waited, and as each train thundered by my heart leaped for joy, that soon in one of those commonplace leather bags, thrown carelessly and heedlessly to the ground, there would be a letter for me, not perfumed nor on fine tinted paper, but in a yellow envelope, with a business look in its square folds, as be seemed a communication from the editor of so popular a paper as the "Argus." I waited calmly and serenely until, in my mind, sufficient time had elapsed for a perusal and digestion of the contents of my article, and then with proud mien

I walked to the post-office and demanded, rather than asked for, my letter. To my surprise, there was none. Ah, well! I could afford to wait for such a grand consummation of my hopes, and to-morrow the paper would be at hand. To-morrow came, and to-morrow's paper. With pulse beating more rapidly than usual, and a hand not quite steady, I scanned it from date to finis. The familiar title and sparkling ideas did not greet me. Strange, but easily accounted for by the arrival of my manuscript too late for insertion in this issue.

The next week I visited the post-office after each train, first with assurance, then doubtfully, then sadly, and then suspiciously: the post-office authorities were in a conspiracy against me and kept my letter.

Finally, as time dragged its slow length along, and each paper was barren of the insertion that should have graced its columns, I became indignant; and "Tis ever thus: fools, like oil, rise to the top, and the wise must, perforce, go under."

Then the letter came: after six weeks of weary waiting and watching it came—with the manuscript inclosed. A kind letter, thanking me for my pleasantly written article, but owing, etc., etc.—ending with the suggestion that I should write a story, the literary ware that the public craved.

A story! Shades of the past forbid! Had I not been whipped, shut up in a dark closet in the days of my youth, for telling a story, and lectured at home, at school, and from the pulpit, on its direful consequences, and lived in daily fear of the fate of Ananias and Sapphira when I had experienced a fall from grace? O no, I could not tell a story! But a night's repose brought other views. If the public taste had to be catered to, if in that way only I could gain admission into the elysian fields of literature, I would forget the precepts of my childhood, and weave my web of fancy into a woof, combining wit and romance. I would take a new departure in story-writing, and compose a tale full of bright sayings and deep wisdom, offset by wonderful adventures and marvelous escapes. Surely it would be very easy to write a story—like making a stew: throw in a dash of coquetry, to give a bouquet; sprinkle in sparkling colloquies, to make it spicy; cut up into it a few conundrums or appropriate quotations, and thicken with plenty of love. Or, like building a house; found on fact, support well with a strong plot, mortise together with telling points, drive in a few spikes of sarcasm, plaster thickly with romance, and give a hard finish to the structure, with a final scene at the matrimonial altar.

Then I went into an agony of composition. I knitted my brow and pursed my lips, and became deaf and blind to all around me. I grasped my pen like a weapon of defense, and ran my fingers through my hair till each individual stood on end as though receiving an electric shock, in my attempt to plan a startling plot, and describe a wooing and winning

that, like Jane Eyre, should revolutionize the modern romance.

Shall I tell how I composed and destroyed? How many quires of paper lighted my morning fire, and the gallons of midnight oil I burned? How I first rose with the lark, hoping from the influences of the rising sun and freshness of the morning dew to gain new ideas and quaint conceits, and then tried writing into the wee sma' hours? Shall I write how I took solitary walks, seeking for help in a closer communion with nature, and then in desperation buried myself away from the sound of human voices? How I fasted, that by mortifying the flesh there should be a corresponding activity of the mental faculties; and when no inspiration followed such self-denial, how I feasted, trusting to find the originality I sought in the fullness of a stomach satisfied? In despair, I sent frantic appeals to my imagination; I made furious calls on my inventive faculty; I directed passionate entreaties to my presiding genius, who, by holding out false hopes, had lured me into this Slough of Despond—but all to no avail.

And then, as a last resort, I bethought me of a stimulant to feed my undeveloped bumps. What was good as brain-food? Oatmeal. No sooner thought of than acted upon. Oatmeal was tried in every conceivable form—mush, cakes, pudding, bread. I dipped my cutlets in it before frying; I thickened my gravies with it; I threw it into my bath water, and used oatmeal soap. It was the staff of my life. I was thorough enough, both in internal and external application, to have made my brain equal to Daniel Webster's; and yet, withal, could not work myself up to the proper pitch of frenzy. A friend suggested fish. Of course, fish was the thing! So the fish market became the daily scene of my visitations. I ordered of all sizes and kinds, and had them cooked in all the methods prescribed by Pierre Blot—fried, stewed, roasted, in chowder, broiled, and boiled. We had them salted, smoked, and pickled, until the odor of the house suggested a canning establishment; and still no new intrigues nor startling developments rewarded this diligent search for the genius of romance.

Sometime it may all come to me. I may be able to describe in soul-stirring language how through all the frenzies of despair and hope she won him; how through all the phases of fear and joy he wooed her. The talent of description, the wonderful faculty of developing plots and counterplots, may finally reward patient labor and research; but now I sit in figurative sackcloth and ashes, a victim of the perverted tastes of the age.

J. E. SHERMAN.

All manuscripts submitted for publication in *THE CALIFORNIAN AND OVERLAND* should be addressed to the Editor, 408 Californian Street; all business communications, to The California Publishing Company, at the same number.